

WILD NIGHT OF TERROR IN AN IRISH TOWN

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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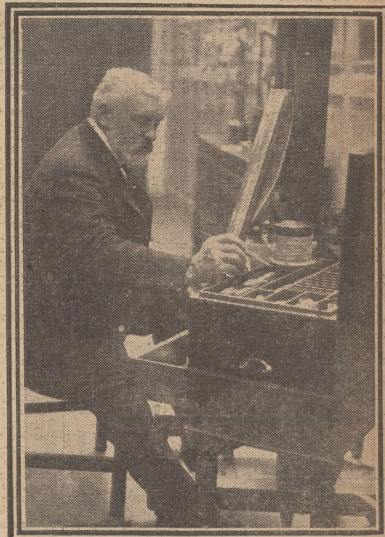
One Penny.

FORTY-TWO KILLED IN BERLIN BATTLE

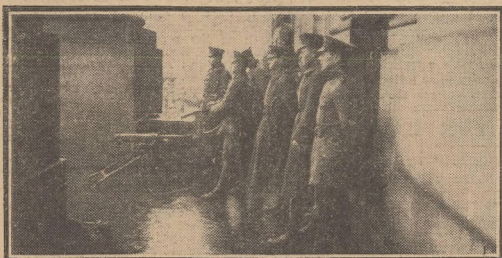
FLOWER PAINTER



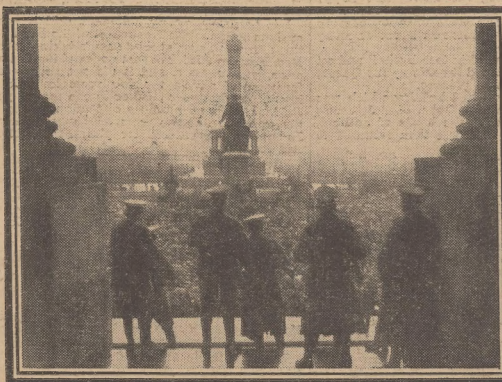
The great crowd of workmen which assembled outside the Reichstag to protest against the provisions of the Government Bill dealing with trade councils. The demonstration followed a call for a general strike issued by the Independent Socialists, and an attempt was made to rush the building, but the safety police held them back by fire.



Mr. Alfred Parsons, R.A. and president of the Royal Water Colour Society, who has died. He painted a flower as a gardener sees it, but he was perhaps his best at illustration, an example being the delicate drawings he executed for Austin Dobson's poems.



Military police guarding the main entrance to the Reichstag.



Military police held in readiness for an emergency.

A panic followed the firing and the throwing of bombs by the police, with the result that many women were trampled under foot. The casualties are estimated at forty-two killed and 100 injured.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING



Ethel Gladys, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Elger, late of Chynton Court, East Liss, Hants, who is to be married today at Holy Trinity, Southampton, to Mr. Col. George Grogan.



Lt.-Col. Grogan, V.C., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., Worcester Regt., the bridegroom-elect. He is the eldest son of Brig.-Gen. Grogan, C.B., C.B.E., and Mrs. Grogan, of St. Andrew's, Fife.

A HAMPTON COURT WEDDING.



Mr. H. V. Briscoe and his bride, Miss Doreen Dallas, daughter of Major-General A. G. Dallas and Mrs. Dallas, of Craggan House, Sevenoaks, leaving the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court Palace, yesterday.

"THE LOVELIGHT IN MY EYES TO-NIGHT."

Decree and £400 Damages for Tank Corps Sergeant.

"I SHALL KID HIM."

Divorce Granted to Ex-Indian High Court Judge.

Damages £400 were granted, together with a decree nisi, in the Divorce Court yesterday to Mr. Richard Edward Smith, M.C., a sergeant in the Tank Corps, who cited as the co-respondent Staff-Sergeant Inkster, of the Canadian Forestry Corps.

Petitioner said that his wife apparently met Inkster at the Canadian Forestry Corps office in Swallow-street, where she obtained employment.

When petitioner was demobilised he found his wife had sold the furniture. She told him she thought he was going to Russia. After she had said this, he examined a box she had left in which, she said, were important papers that the staff-sergeant had to take back to Canada.

In it petitioner found passionate letters.

One from the respondent said: "My Dear Rupert—Really, dearest, I had had no idea you loved me so much, though I did think you loved me."

Another said: "Dearest, I missed you more and more every day and look forward to the time when R. goes back and I can have your loving letters here again, and better still when I can see you."

The letter spoke of an illness and said, apparently of the petitioner, who had just left her, "I shall manage to kid him."

A letter of January 5, 1919, said:—"I wrote you this evening a letter for the general public, but, darling, surely you could see and read between the lines that there is love lurking there. If you could see my eyes now they have the desired look; I feel ever so loving to-night."

"THE BLAME IS MINE."

Ex-Indian Judge's Letter from His Wife—Decree Granted.

A decree nisi was granted in the Divorce Court yesterday to Mr. Francis Reginald Roe, at one time a Judge of the High Court in India, for the dissolution of his marriage with Beatrice M. Roe on the ground of her misconduct with a man named Sheepshanks.

Petitioner said his wife was married in October, 1909, and lived with his wife at various places. Witness and his wife lived perfectly happily in India until 1916, when Mr. Sheepshanks came and stayed with him on a visit.

One day he found his wife with her hands on the co-respondent's shoulders. Mr. Sheepshanks left by the next train and promised not to see Mrs. Roe again.

There was no further unpleasantness until 1918, when after a visit to her daughter at Calcutta she left, saying she was not going to live with him any longer.

In February, 1919, he received a letter from her written at Cambridge in which she said that "whatever blame was to be given to a woman for loving a man must be given to me."

A DOUBLE BIGAMIST.

Remarkable Story of a Marine's Matrimonial Ventures.

"He is now undergoing six months' imprisonment for bigamy—bigamy for the second time," said Mrs. Elizabeth Cook in petitioning for divorce yesterday from her husband, Sidney C. Cook, an ex-Royal Marine artilleryman.

He had previously contracted a bigamous marriage in Ireland, but she had lived with him after that. He left her free in 1911.

Counsel said respondent had abandoned the woman in respect of whom he was now undergoing imprisonment and left her with one child, and had gone, it was alleged, to live with a Mrs. Cook at West Newwood.

Mrs. Cook volunteered evidence and said respondent joined her in 1919. They went to the registrar's, but there was a quibble as to whether her husband was dead.

A decree nisi with costs was granted.

"AN IRON DOCTRINE."

During the hearing of a divorce case yesterday afternoon before Mr. Justice McCardie, a husband said he and his wife went to lodge in co-respondent's home. Petitioner got out of Calcutta, and his wife told him to clear out, saying: "No money, no food."

The Judge: "It is an iron doctrine. A merciless law of life in ordinary circumstances."

OTHER MEN'S LUCK.

"No one ever approaches me in the street with offers of sugar, butter or other scarce commodity for sale, much as my household could do with something in excess of the ration," said Mr. Bingley, at Tower Bridge yesterday, when a man charged with the unlawful possession of 6lb. of sugar gave the explanation that it was offered to him by a strange man on his way home from work.

MONKEYS' "HOTEL."

First-class Home Equipped for Gymnastics and Swimming.

PRETTY GARDEN WALKS.

"We've built the little walls and roof, And made a lovely door; Oh, tell us, Mother Wendy, What are you wanting more?"

The scene is none the less Never Never Land, but the open-air monkeys' enclosure at the London Zoological Gardens.

There is a dear little "Wendy" house approaching completion, however, though four British workmen take the place of Peter Pan and the "Lost Boys."

It is a pretty sight—the renovation and redecoration of the monkeys' dear home.

By the time it is finished it will really be a kind of first-class hotel, replete with gymnasium, pretty garden walks, arbours and private swimming bath.

When *The Daily Mirror* called a cheeky little monkey was peeping out of one of the first-floor windows, while other inmates were jumping about imitating the workmen and ready for all manner of mischief.

The men dare not leave hammers or chisels about.

They are quickly seized and the monkeys start building operations on their own.

The little beggars got my dinner one day," said one of the men to *The Daily Mirror*, "and I keep a sharp eye on them now. They are as quick as lightning."

"FELT HIS NECK SNAP."

Steeplechase Jockey Who Remained Conscious After Fatal Accident in Race.

"He fell on his head and felt his neck snap," was the statement which was made by F. R. C. Cullen to the doctor after his accident in a steeplechase at Hurst Park last Friday.

This statement was repeated by the doctor, Dr. Knox, surgeon to the Hurst Park Racecourse, who gave evidence at the inquest at Molesey Field yesterday that Cullen was brought to him suffering from a fractured dislocation of spine. He was conscious, and said he had not been unconscious. He died at 2 p.m. on Saturday.

A brother-in-law of the deceased said that he suffered an injury to his neck some years previously.

Several witnesses, including the trainer of the horse, Mr. William Nightingall, said the horse, "Hilarious," took off too late and struck the guard rail in front of the ditch. Cullen was a first-class jockey, in the trainer's opinion.

A verdict of accidental death was returned, and it was stated that the Hurst Park Executive were taking a great interest in a fund for the widow.

KEY TIED TO DOG'S NECK.

Novel Device to Enable Servant to Get Into Mistress' House.

Bringing an action for wrongful dismissal in the County Court yesterday against her employer, Mr. Lionel Mortlock, of East Dulwich, Mabel Allsop, a young servant, said she was given Christmas Day off and told to return by eleven o'clock.

When she returned the door was locked and the door key had not been tied round the dog's neck, as was usual.

She went to some friends for the night and her day was dismissed.

The Judge adjourned the case to consider whether plaintiff was entitled to compensation for loss of food and lodging for a month.

STRIKE HOLDS UP SHIPS.

5,000 Men Affected by Dispute at Barry Docks—No Repair Work.

From Our Special Correspondent.

The strike of dockers which commenced on Monday as a protest against two dock gatemen refusing to pay contributions to the Dockers' Union developed considerably this morning.

No ship has entered or departed since Monday, and the docks are full.

All members of the Dockers' Union, numbering 2,500, have ceased work, and the men indirectly affected number 5,000.

Repair work is at a standstill, and the whole docks are idle.

DUKE OF LEEDS' DAUGHTER TO WED.

The wedding of Captain Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C., son of the late Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Moira Osborne, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Friday, January 30.

MUZZLING TO BE RECONSIDERED.

The question of the continuance of the dog muzzling orders will be considered by the Ministry of Agriculture at the end of the present month.

There is a probability that the areas covered by the orders will be considerably reduced.

'BOW STREET' SOLD

Famous Police Court and Station Site Goes for £25,000.

3 THEATRES WITHDRAWN.

"Gentlemen, we now come to a fine property—the site of Bow-street Police Court. Commodious building, including numerous cells; handsome rear. What offers?"

These were not the auctioneer's (Sir David Burnett's) actual words, but the site of the famous police court came under the hammer at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., yesterday, when a portion of the Covent Garden estate was put up for auction.

The catalogue stated that the police-court yielded a ground rent of £1,100 per annum.

There was a ripple of laughter among the buyers in the crowded auction-room when the lot was announced.

After some hesitation a bid of £18,000 was made for the property, and finally, following some desultory bidding, it was "knocked down" for £25,000. The buyer was the Receiver of the Metropolitan Police.

For the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, rental £6,450, with £100 a year from Drury-lane House and £400 from the private box now let to the Duke of Bedford, £100,000 was the first offer, but at £134,500 the lot was withdrawn.

The Waldorf Hotel was withdrawn at £149,000, the Strand Theatre at £77,000, and the Aldwych Theatre at £65,000.

PASSION FOR THEIR FACES.

Girls Who Stole Notes—Had Their Photograph Taken Twenty Times.

Two girls with a passion for photographs—Nellie Jenkins, eighteen, and Daisy Willis, seventeen, waitresses—were charged at Old-street Police Court yesterday with being concerned together in stealing and receiving a £5 Bank of England note, £52 Treasury notes, a number of postal orders, a blue serge costume and a blouse valued together at £162, the property of Angel Rosen, an estate agent, of 223, Whitechapel-road.

Det. Sergeant Cobley said that after the girls had taken the money they bought new clothes and visited various parts of Scotland, where they had their photographs taken at least twenty times.

Mr. Clarke Hall: Is all this money gone?

They had to borrow £5 to come back.

Willis was placed on probation and bound over, and Jenkins was remanded with a view to being placed in a home.

£2,400 A MINUTE SALE.

Quick Bidding in London for Brilliants—£24,000 in Ten Minutes.

In ten minutes yesterday afternoon at Christie's a sum of £2,100 was obtained for some brilliants.

A brilliant tiara and necklace realised £12,200, whilst another tiara designed as foliage sold for £8,000, and a brilliant collet necklace £3,900.

BARKING FOR BARTS.

A Puppy "Does His Bit" and Earns 14 Guineas for Famous Hospital.

In his now famous role of auctioneer, Mr. George Robey, at Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's Hanover-street premises, netted £700 in an hour on behalf of the St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

The lots were in great variety. A Scalymaw puppy figured early in the catalogue, and, on being flouted by the auctioneer, added to the amusement by licking his nose. The puppy barked a good deal when being brought forward, and his barking was to some purpose, because he realised fourteen guineas in about as many seconds.

A feather fan, mounted in tortoiseshell and set with paste, was presented for sale by the Queen, and fetched thirty-three guineas.

Peggy, the fawn-coloured bulldog which was the mascot of H.M.S. Iron Duke, Lord Jellicoe's Barchin, was present at the battle of Turriff and fetched 135 guineas, and was then returned to her "iron" home.

A PICK AND CHOOSE PRISONER.

When, at the Old Bailey yesterday, it was announced that a prisoner wished to instruct counsel, the Judge (pointing to counsel who were standing and smiling) said: Well, you can take your pick, but you must not pick King's counsel, as they have not got a licence. (Laughter.)

Prisoner surveyed the counsel benches keenly for a moment, and later made his choice of Mr. Duke and proceeded to fee and instruct in due course.

THE LIVERPOOL HOLD-UP.

The Liverpool police have not yet effected any arrest in connection with the North Hill-street Post Office raid, when three men held up the two women in charge and stole £100 from the till.

The coolness and expedition with which the affair was carried through points to the work of experts.

EDUCATION OF CUPID PICTURE HUNT.

Search for Millionaire to Buy Correggio Painting.

WOMAN'S £1,500 VERDICT.

The story of bonds, setting out the conditions of the proposed sale of a picture by Correggio, was told before Mr. Justice Bailhache yesterday, when Mrs. Marian Menzies, of "Helenslea," Lancaster-road, St. Albans, was awarded £1,500 and costs against Jesse William Landon, High-street, Watford, the discoverer of the picture.

Mrs. Menzies claimed £1,500, said to be due on several bonds, the first being dated February 22, 1912.

Mr. McNaughten, K.C., for the plaintiff, said the conditions of the bonds were that if defendant sold the picture in the first year, he would out of the purchase price pay the plaintiff £500. If he sold it in the second year he would pay plaintiff £500 on each of the five bonds.

Counsel then read the terms of the first bond, which stated that Mr. Landon had written and illustrated a book in proof of the authenticity of the painting, and intended to send copies of it to the millionaire art collectors of the world, to whom he was desirous of selling the picture.

MRS. MENZIES' AGREEMENT.

Mrs. Menzies, said counsel, having seen the typewritten manuscripts and illustrations of the book, agreed to pay Landon £100, and on the sale of the picture within one year he was to pay her out of the purchase price £500, and in the event of his withholding the picture from sale for more than one year in order to obtain a greater price, then out of the sum obtained he was to pay her an additional £200, making £500 in all.

The bond also stated that Landon agreed to sell the picture for the highest price within two years, and to so arrange the sum realised his obligations under the bond.

SEARCH FOR MILLIONAIRE.

Counsel Compares Case with That of the Tichborne Claimant.

Mr. McNaughten added that he was sorry to say the efforts to find a suitable millionaire were unsuccessful, and the picture had not been sold within the two years.

Therefore Mr. Landon had not fulfilled the conditions of the bond, and his obligations remained in full force. There were some critics, counsel concluded, who said the celebrated Correggio picture in the National Gallery is rather a poor copy of the original, and there are others who said that the Venus at Watford represents an Early Victorian lady.

The Judge here asked Mr. Wallington, who represented Mr. Landon: "Has not there been a breach of the undertaking to accept the highest price for the picture within two years?"

Mr. Wallington: There is no evidence that he has had any offer.

"I may compare this case with what occurred in the case of the Tichborne claimant," said counsel. "This claimant raised money on bonds he presented to the public, and when that claimant failed the people who had advanced money on the bonds lost it."

The Judge: Is not the money repayable even though the picture is not sold? What has happened since to prevent Mrs. Menzies insisting on payment?

Mr. Wallington: Mrs. Menzies has said that on the assignment of Mr. Landon's life insurance policy she would not insist on payment of the money under the bond. She has said: "If you will give me an undertaking that after your death, if you have not then sold the picture, I will shall have no claim, and interest on that, I will not insist on payment now."

"A CURIOUS ACTION."

His Lordship, giving judgment, said it was a curious action. The legal effect of the bond was this: there was an absolute undertaking to pay Mrs. Menzies £300, but that undertaking did not last for two years and it did not become enforceable if within the two years he paid to her in the first year £300 or in the second year £500. It was an absolute obligation to pay at the expiration of the two years. Judgment was entered for plaintiff for £1,500 and costs.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

To-day's Weather.—Wind north or north-west; fresh to light; fair; some local showers; colder.

Professor R. C. MacLagan, of Edinburgh University, has left £93,361.

With her green parrot, Miss B. Bamuda, of 32, Albion-street, London, W., left £35 to her maid, Florence Howlen.

That's a lesson to many of us.—Mr. Justice McCardie to septuagenarian laconic maker, who said she worked till eleven every night.

The new steam trawler Boyntan foundered in Ramsgate Harbour yesterday. It is believed that the night watchman aboard was drowned.

Prince Arthur of Connaught held an Investiture at Cardiff on Tuesday, when he was invested by General C. H. P. Carter received the G.B.E.

Military records were destroyed and £3,500 damage done when the Shorncliffe Command Medical Services Offices were burnt out at Folkestone yesterday.

DUBLIN POLICE OFFICIAL SHOT DEAD IN THE STREET

Assistant Commissioner Redmond Assassinated by Unknown Men in Harcourt-street.

TWO SHOTS FIRED FROM A GATEWAY.

Mr. Redmond, Assistant Commissioner of Dublin Metropolitan Police, was shot dead in Harcourt-street, Dublin, just before 7 p.m. yesterday. He was recently appointed to the post from the Belfast Royal Irish Constabulary.

The first shot fired missed, and a second shot struck him in the head. He was taken to hospital, but on arrival there life was found to be extinct.

ASSASSINATED WHILE ON "EVERY TORPEDO HIT ITS WAY TO HIS HOTEL. MARK": MR. HOLT THOMAS.

Two Men Seen Running Away After Noise of Firing.

HARCOURT-STREET DRAMA.

Another murder of a police officer was perpetrated in Dublin last evening.

As Second Commissioner W. C. Redmond for messages, give the initials as "T. C. or R. C. T." was waiting along Harcourt-street two shots were fired at him by some person or persons unknown at present.

One shot took effect in his jaw and passed right through his head.

After the shots had been discharged some soldiers saw two men running away in the direction of Montague-lane, a narrow thoroughfare connecting Harcourt-street with Camden-street. The driver had no escort, but had an automatic pistol in his coat pocket, and appears to have grasped it in his pocket after the first shot, which missed him, had been fired.

Pedestrians in Harcourt-street, on hearing the shots, rapidly scattered. He was taken into a chemist's shop owned by Dr. Robinson, who telephoned to the police.

A corporation ambulance was summoned and immediately arrived.

The injured officer was conveyed to the Meath Hospital, where life was found to be extinct.

Mr. Redmond was only recently appointed to the position of Second Commissioner of Dublin Metropolitan Police.

He had previously been connected with the Royal Irish Constabulary at Belfast. He was a native of Newry and had had considerable service in the force.

Since his arrival in Dublin he had been residing temporarily in a private hotel in Harcourt-street, and was on his way thither when he was fired on from an open gateway.

He leaves a widow and two daughters. So far no arrest has been made.

According to another message, the shooting took place just before 7 p.m. and came from men hiding in a gateway of a yard close to the old Sinn Féin offices.

Constable Finnegan, who was shot in Thurles, lies in hospital in Dublin and is not expected to survive the night.

CONSTABLE'S SACRIFICE.

Gives Blood to Save Comrade—Night of Terror in Irish Town.

The inhabitants of Thurles (Tipperary) were on Tuesday night thrown into a state of terror. About half-past ten Constable Luke Finnegan, Royal Irish Constabulary, of Thurles, while proceeding to his home at the Mall, unarmed, was shot in the stomach. He staggered over to his door, crying to his wife, "Oh, Mary, I'm shot."

Constable Finnegan is in a critical condition; there are four or five bullet wounds in his body. Transfusion of blood was adopted, and half a pint was taken from one of his comrades at the R.I.C. Depot, Phoenix Park. Fifteen of them volunteered this service.

About half an hour afterwards several crashes of glass were heard, followed by volleys of rifle firing.

Volley after volley rang out, intermixed with explosions and the crashing of glass. This continued with intervals of silence for over two hours and was heard for miles around. The people of the town hastily barred their door and windows and lay on the floors of their houses to escape flying bullets.

The military came on the scene, and whistles and challenges were heard all through the night.

\$5,000 DAMAGE.

The residence in Friar-street of Mr. Charles Colhane, president of the Sinn Féin Club, came in for exceptionally rough handling. Every pane of glass in the porch and front portions of the house was smashed to bits, while bullets penetrated the bedroom windows.

The captain of the military garrison states that the amount of ammunition was used that night. The damage is estimated at £5,000.

The English Labour deputation, consisting of Messrs. Adams, Henderson, Wilson, Parkinson and Smith, M.P.s, arrived at Thurles yesterday. The deputation visited several of the damaged buildings.

Story of 'Aircraft Attack on Fleet'—Experiment in Port.

1d. A LETTER FLYING MAIL.

At a luncheon under the auspices of the Association of British Chambers of Commerce at the Connaught Rooms yesterday; Mr. G. Holt Thomas gave an address on "Commercial Communication by Air."

It was astonishing to him, he said, that after the war he had gone back to pre-war apathy. Aircraft was not reckoned by the Government as any danger at all.

Lord Fisher had said the Fleet would be "sunk" by torpedoes from aircraft.

"I believe that in a certain port, within the last few months, this was actually done," he said, "and that every torpedo hit its mark, and that no aircraft were estimated to have been hit. It might be said that from practically every great country to-day save ours news reached us which showed they were alive to the importance of flying."

A letter sent by aerial mail, he pointed out, was delivered quicker than a telegram, but cost no more than a boy messenger crossing London.

If a lot of four hundred pounds per day of first-class mail matter were guaranteed they would be glad to carry it at four shillings per pound, and the cost would be just over a penny per letter.

TWO NEW R.A.'S.

Honour for Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., and Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A.

Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., and Mr. D. Y. Cameron, A.R.A., were last night elected Royal Academicians.

Both are painters. Mr. Henry's earlier landscape work was characterised by its daring originality. He formed one of the brilliant band of impressionist artists known as "the Glasgow School." He has painted many Oriental subjects and decorative pictures.

Mr. D. Y. Cameron is probably the finest etcher of the day; his unconventional landscapes have attracted much attention.

Shock for Scottish Academy.—Mr. Robert Burns has resigned his associateship of the Royal Scottish Academy. No reason is assigned for this unprecedented step in the history of the academy. He was professor of painting at Edinburgh College of Art from 1908 till last year.

2,514 "FLU" CASES.

One Day's Toll of Victims in Chicago—Eighty-Three Deaths.

CHICAGO, Wednesday. No fewer than 2,514 fresh cases of influenza were reported yesterday. Twenty-six deaths have occurred.

The pneumonia cases numbered 297, with fifty-seven fatalities. All the hospitals are crowded with influenza patients.

The health officials assert that the epidemic has now reached a climax. One thousand eight hundred cases are reported from Rochford.—Reuter.

LADY DE FRECE'S WORK AT ASHTON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

ASTON, Tuesday, January 22. The feature of the parliamentary contest here is that the big work is now being done by the wives of the candidates, and party organisers say that the women voters will be the deciding factor.

Lady de Frece is doing excellent work for the Coalition by her homely chats with the working women, counteracting the too ardent desire of friends to crown her with the "stage star" halo.

HOTEL GUEST'S SUDDEN DEATH.

The Daily Mirror learns that a guest at a well-known West End hotel died suddenly in his room yesterday. The Westminster coroner will hold an inquest to-day.



Herr Erzberger. Dr. Helfferich.

Herr Erzberger, says Reuter, is joining Dr. Helfferich for libel. The latter is alleged to have stated that the former made all his political fortune during the four years of war by using his political and parliamentary position.

LUDENDORFF'S HINT TO THE WANTED WAR-GUILTY.

Evasion of Arrest, He Says, Is Not an Offence Against Honour.

When Ludendorff was asked by the Boersen Kurier what individuals wanted by the Allies should do, Ludendorff said: "No one has voluntarily to give himself up; to evade arrest is not an offence against honour."—Reuter.

The Dutch Press says the German Government wireless generally assumes a hostile attitude on the question of the extradition of the ex-Kaiser.

The Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant points out that only three of the thirty-two signatories to the Peace Treaty have signed the Note to Holland—namely, France, Italy and England—which shows that there is no general desire for the extradition of the Kaiser among the signatories, and the moral weight of the Note is thus lessened to a very great extent.

It concludes by saying that the trial would lack every guarantee for a just sentence, and Holland would be unworthy of a seat in the League of Nations if it enable this trial to take place.—Wireless Press.

"TROTSKY" AT ALBERT HALL

British Forces Unite in Night of Revelry—Jazz, Jig and Reel.

The Albert Hall was once again a scene of whole-hearted revelry last night, when soldiers, sailors, marines, flying men, Waacs, Wrens and V.A.D.s met in a great reunion of all the British forces.

Generals danced with demure motor-drivers, a V.A.D. jazzed with a D.A.D.M.S. (Deputy Assistant-Director of Medical Services), a W.R.E.N. sat out with a famous P.T.O. (Physical Training Officer).

Lady Pearson entertained fifty blinded officers in her box, so did Miss Mabel Russell.

With midnight came the "stunts." The metropolitan police formed a living pyramid; the massed band of the Guards, with full ceremony, interlarded through the dancers; Scottish pipers played and "reeled," and the Irish Guards "jigged."

"Trotsky" complete with bloodstained knife and scars—was there.

MARTIAL LAW IN ITALY.

Government's Strong Reply to Railway Revolt—Strike Collapsing.

The proclamation of martial law by the Italian Government has followed quickly on the declaration of a general strike by the railwaymen.

A state of siege has been proclaimed (says the Exchange Milan correspondent) at Milan, Turin and Genoa, and other big towns.

Troops are deployed along the whole of the rail line, and disorders are reported except at Milan, where some desperadoes attempted to damage the signals.

Meanwhile the railway revolt has collapsed in the south and in Sicily (says Reuter), and is by now complete in the Central Departments and in the north.

NOT MISS CAVELL'S BETRAYER.

During the trial of Quinen yesterday the Government Commissioner said: "It is understood that Quinen is not the betrayer of Miss Cavell. Documents which arrived at the end of the first trial appear definitely to establish this, and I have no intention of charging the accused with this."—Reuter.

DUKE OF LEEDS' DAUGHTER TO WED.

The wedding of Captain Oliver Lyttelton, D.S.O., M.C., son of the late Right Hon. Alfred Lyttelton and Lady Moira Osborne, youngest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, will take place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Friday, January 30.

A committee of dye users has been sent by the Government to Germany to purchase up to £2,000,000 of fine dyes for British users, says a Huddersfield message.

PETROL TO COST 4s. A GALLON.

Threat of Rise in Price That Will Affect Everyone.

HIGHER BUS FARES?

Importers of petrol are threatening a new and serious increase in the general cost of living.

They are contemplating a considerable advance, variously estimated at from 8d. to 1s. per gallon, in the price of motor spirit, to take effect next month.

This will affect practically everybody, owing to the large extent to which the distribution of commodities depends upon motor transport.

Omnibus fares will have to be increased, and the cost of running a private car may become prohibitive.

The motor industry, *The Daily Mirror* is informed, is appalled at the prospect of dearer petrol at a time when every effort is being made to re-establish the pre-war position of the trade.

To-day the retail price of petrol is 3s. 0d. per gallon; in a month's time it may be anything from 3s. 8d. to 4s. 0d.

The only welcome feature of the outlook is a probability of the abolition of the petrol tax of 6d. per gallon.

The manager of an important firm of petrol importers told *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that an increase in price was the only alternative to a cessation of supplies.

"THE EMPIRE MY HOME."

Prince of Wales' Happy Speech to Pilgrims—300 Handshakes.

When Lord Desborough said that he was domiciled in England he thought he would be more correct in saying that he was domiciled in the British Empire was a happy phrase in the Prince of Wales' speech at a Pilgrims' Society dinner at the Savoy last night.

Referring to his American visit, the Prince said: "Cordiality has not ceased because of my departure. I am still receiving the most charming letters, and I may add not all of them from the fair sex."

The Prince engaged in another handshaking ordeal, personally receiving each of the 300 guests during the dinner.

Prince's Australasian Visit.—The terms of office of Sir Ronald Crawford Munro Ferguson, Governor-General of Australia, and of the Earl of Liverpool, Governor-General of New Zealand, have been extended to cover the period of the Prince of Wales' visit.

"POMPEY THE GREAT."

Mr. Masfield's Drama at St. Martin's Theatre—Sir F. Benson's Speech.

"Pompey the Great" was produced at St. Martin's Theatre last night.

Sir Frank Benson, in a speech after the fall of the curtain, quoted some extracts from the play, and added that Mr. Masfield told him that when he wrote those lines he was watching the Regent's Canal and thinking of Rome.

Mr. Masfield's new drama is an interesting dissertation on the two texts. "It is a grand thing to die" and "Pride is a small thing in the face of death."

Before a background of turbulent generals and ordinary frail human men strides the idealistic Pompey through a career of disappointment to a treacherous death at the hands of the Egyptians.

Mr. Masfield's conception of the antique Roman chimes well with Sir Frank Benson's own wisdom and somewhat statuesque dignity. Sir Frank's elocution still stands him in good stead, and he is to be congratulated on infusing so much life into the character.

The four "curtains" were arresting; that of the last act betraying the authentic Masfield touch as the sailors of the Lesbian merchantman coiled the ropes to the rhythm of a seaman's chanty.

MR. ASQUITH CHOSEN.

The Paisley Liberal Association last night decided to send an invitation to Mr. Asquith to be their candidate in the by-election.

This decision was come to after there had been preliminary voting, when ninety-three votes were recorded for Mr. Asquith and seventy-three for Mr. J. C. Watson, the Coalition candidate.

500,000ft. OF FILM IN FATAL FIRE.

On the resumption yesterday of the inquest on the victims of the fatal fire at Newcastle on Christmas Eve, it was admitted that there had been at least a million feet of film, but not much more, in the building.

NEW YORK MONEY COLLAPSE.

New York exchange yesterday collapsed to 3.63 dollars to the £; francs went to 11.97 and lire at 14.07.

PRETTY GIRL'S DISFIGUREMENT ENDED

**Zam-Buk Gave
Her a Healthy Skin.**

"I HAD Kate's ears pierced so that she could wear earrings," said Mrs. E. Goodwright, who lives at 41, Toulon Street, Wyndham Road, Camberwell, S.E., to a reporter.

"A few days afterwards very unsightly places appeared on her cheeks. Later, others broke out on Kate's hands as well.

"I couldn't get these sore places dry, and I feared Kate had got some serious skin disease. She couldn't rest because of the intense itching and pain. Common ointments were useless.

"After a few dressings with Zam-Buk, however, there was a big improvement in Kate's condition. Her skin was cooler, drier, and less inflamed. Zam-Buk drew out all the disease, and in time Kate got a beautifully clear skin again."



Miss K.
Goodwright,
from a photo

Zam-Buk is acknowledged to be the most scientific and most reliable preparation yet discovered for skin troubles. For these disorders it is important to avoid experimenting with new and unscientific ointments.

Zam-Buk

Zam-Buk has a wonderful record of success in the treatment of Ulcers, Eczema, Ringworm, Scap Sores, Erysipelas, Wounds, D.I.s, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Rheumatism, &c. Sold in 1/3 and 3/- Boxes by all Chemists and Stores. Be sure you get Zam-Buk.

You Can Live { 13 days without Food.
3 days without Water.
Only 3 minutes without Air.

Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and Whooping Cough

Reduce the Air Ration below Health Point.

The natural consequence is that the breathing is affected, the bronchial tubes or bronchi become inflamed, and cough, more or less serious, follows. If neglected the entire respiratory system is weakened, and that way consumption lies. Children suffer more frequently from such complaints than do their elders, the death rate among the very young being truly appalling, and in too many instances due entirely to thoughtless neglect.

The World's Supreme Remedy

is Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, so called because of the rapidity with which it overcomes chronic coughs and cures deep-seated and long-standing cases of any of the above-named troubles. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, in Open Competition with the world, was

**AWARDED GRAND PRIX AND GOLD MEDAL AT THE
INTERNATIONAL HEALTH EXHIBITION, PARIS, 1910,**

for its purity, efficacy, and pharmaceutical excellence.

Many thousands of testimonials from cured patients, scientific men, and doctors have been received. The following is an example:—

Chas. Wyatt-Weolf, Esq., F.R.P.S., F.R.S.L., in his work "Truths About Things We Live On and Daily Use," says: "I have experimented in the laboratory with Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and I have likewise applied it in practice. . . . In all cases to which I applied it the influence of this remedy was most marked."

Never Touched by Hand.

The manufacture of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is conducted under the most hygienic conditions, supervised by trained pharmacists, and the product is never touched by human hands.

Liquid or Pastilles.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is prepared as a liquid medicine, and also in the form of pastilles, the latter being packed in hermetically-sealed tins, which are always handy for use.

Ask always for Veno's Lightning Cough Cure. It is sold by Chemists, Stores and Medicine Dealers in all parts of the world. If your Chemist is out of stock he will get it for you.

English Prices 1/3 & 3/-.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

Sole Proprietors: The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.



Reduced fac-simile of original packaging before all imitations & substitutes

QUALITY TELLS.
Lipton's
Delicious **9d.** per lb.
FRUIT CAKE

Best value ever offered.

SPECIAL LINES

Dried Eggs	... 2d. each.	3 for 5d.
Condensed Milk (Full Cream)	per tin	1/1
Skimmed Milk	11d.
Rangoon Rice	... 3 lbs. for	10d.
Rangoon Beans	3½d. per lb.
Finest Rolled Oats	4d. "
Barley	4½d. "
Oatmeal (Scotch)	4½d. "
Split Peas	4½d. "
Lentils	5d. "
Marrowfat Peas	5½d. "
Tapioca (Flake)	5½d. "
Tapioca (Seed Pearl)	6d. "
Tapioca (Medium Pearl)	6d. "
Butter Beans	6d. "
Sago	6d. "

LIPTON'S PURE JAMS

IN LARGE VARIETY.
1 lb. 11½d. 2 lb. 1/9½

Manufactured in our own Hygienic and up-to-date Factory.

LIPTON'S

Tea Planters, Ceylon.

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers and Retailers of Food Products in the World.

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Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

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No Sugar or Milk required!

CADBURY'S COCOA & MILK POWDER

Made in a moment with
boiling water



A valuable food for invalids and children. Prepared in our country factories from rich, new milk straight from the farm
c 44
Cadbury Bourneville

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1920.

KILL BY KINDNESS.

IN the midst of all the "wobble wobble" that continues about our policy in Russia, an opinion expresses itself clamorously to the effect that, by resuming any sort of trade relations with the shell-shocked country, we shall be bribing Bolshewism—encouraging and subsidising the anarchy most people understand by that term.

Far from it; we shall be poisoning anarchy by a dose of prosperity. We shall be killing it with kindness. It thrives upon despair. War enrages it. Ostracism effectually intensifies it, in its narrow room.

Inevitably, the anarchist excuse will die before the influx of saner ideas that must follow normal intercourse. We are creatures of imitation. The insane catch their disease from one another. Ordinary thoughts return with ordinary doings.

Let us therefore go on firmly hoping that the wobble-wobblers will not go back on the open door policy. Open doors let in salutary breezes, or draughts; but, in this case, draughts of air, after a close atmosphere of intoxication.

THE RETURN OF BOREDOM

WHEN a man has a toothache it appears to him that his former toothacheless state was one of perfect bliss. Why did he complain of such trifles as too little money, prices too high, and no houses to live in? If he can but get rid of his pain, he will never complain of such trifles any more.

He gets his tooth out; and immediately complains as of old.

Was it not the same with the war? It weighed upon our spirits. "Let us get rid of slaughter and air raids," we said, "and we shall value every moment of our relieved existences."

The war is over. We are all complaining.

And, particularly, ennui has returned; boredom is with some of us.

The inanity of things, the vacuity of time, evidently oppresses certain persons who advertise in the newspapers for "something to do" with the leisure their money gives them. One of these wanted "suggestions for how to spend a holiday" yesterday. Others daily appeal for first aid for the fed-up feeling. Almost one can hear them asking for air raids again. Anything to relieve monotony.

It seems, certainly, a little ungrateful, after so much suffering surmounted, so many dangers overcome. But it may be in itself a symptom of the anaemia produced by the prodigious blood-letting of the war.

Men felt a like lassitude just a century ago after the Napoleonic epic was over; and, in the beautiful image of a child of that time, Alfred de Musset, the century was an eagle with eyes staring at the sun, but with clipped wings unable to soar towards it. What wings? The wings of youth. For youth lies dead on the battlefields.

In some such way we account for the return of boredom. It will pass. It will pass when the new youth grows to manhood, without our hampering memories of the tragedy just ended.

W. M.

LOVE'S HARVEST.

All ye that lovely loves be,
Pray you for me:
Lo, here we come sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Lo, here we come reaping, a-reaping,
To reap our harvest-fruit!
And thus we reap the year so long,
And never be we mute.

—GEORGE PEELE (1595).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face.—Hugh Miller.

NEED BUSINESS OFFICES BE SO UGLY?

DEPRESSION RESULTS FROM DULL SURROUNDINGS.

By ELEANOR ROCHE.

MUCH has been heard about the discomfort in which the miner works. Waiters live continually in stuffy rooms. I don't want myself to spend my life under the ground. I agree that thousands of manual workers have a hard time.

But what about the others?

I don't mean only the poor clerk, or the poorer parson in the East End, or even the poet in his garret. I mean the well-to-do merchant, the rich man, the millionaire, the head of the firm.

I visited one of them yesterday.

He received me in a large but exceedingly

merchants dancing like the motes in the sunbeams. The clerks would look up from their ledgers and begin to flirt with the young ladies. The young ladies would wear too bright blouses. The staff would dream of the country and holidays, and there would be sunshine strikes.

Perhaps.

Or perhaps, on the other hand, our thoughts and plans and businesses, would brighten with the brightening of our rooms?

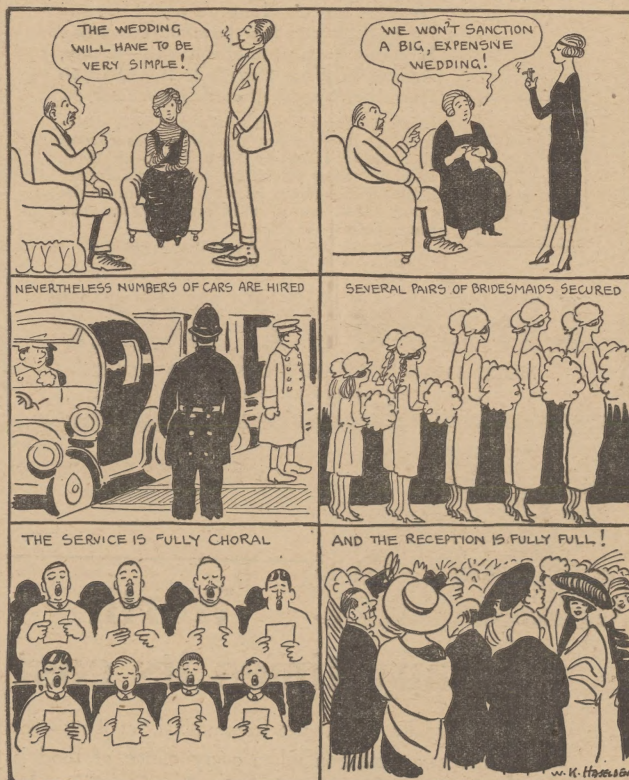
I can imagine it.

EVEN A TREE!

I can believe that, with even a green tree to look at, like little Susan's tree "at the corner of Wood-street," your City man would think out wonderful new projects. His hum-drum designs would be emboldened to the immense imaginative enterprise. He would do better on account of the window open upon a pleasant view. Even a landscape can make money.

As it is, I know now a City man who thinks

THE TRIALS OF MARRIAGE AFTER THE WAR.—No. 3.



dingy room, panelled with a sickly-brown wood.

The furniture consisted of a number of slippery leather chairs, off which one slid as one tried to sit on one of them. There was a layer of smuts on everything.

But it was not so much all this that depressed me.

It was the outlook.

The dingy window presented a "view" of an infamous cracked wall, down which struggled a pipe stuffed with straw and bandaged at intervals by a rag or two.

The lower portions of these dingy windows were, very properly glazed to prevent the weary eye from catching any more of the enchantments outside; but I could hear a dismal drip-drip, indicating that a waterbutt was receiving dribbles from the senile pipe referred to. The only cheering object was a sparrow, which appeared to be trying to utilise one of the rags as an eiderdown for its home.

A typical office!

It set me, a working woman, reviewing some of the others I have known.

Dismal rooms facing blank walls, dark dens into which none but reflected gleams of sun ever penetrate! Perhaps it is better for business. Perhaps if the sun came into business rooms it would set the thoughts of the

out all his plans in face of the sea in a little Sussex seaside town. He only executes them in London.

And I believe that most good notions, in business, as in other work, come to men in their homes, rather than in their offices. Places where work is done are usually so depressing as to kill the fresh outlook from which come new ideas.

These London offices of ours need reform. And for this reason—we nearly all spend our lives in them.

How absurd, then, to spend our money in buying the suburban homes we only sleep in, while utterly neglecting the City rooms in which we pass our days! Let us beautify offices!

For the rest, I believe my City friends agree. One of them always (winter or summer) has a rose on his desk. Another has a typist, part of whose duty it is to see that fresh flowers are always in the bowl in front of him.

A good beginning!

Let these good men go on and beautify their whole offices.

The desk need not necessarily be the one oasis in the desert of business dreariness.

If we are to do better work we must have less depressing rooms to do it in.

THE MODERN BOY'S DRESS

A QUESTION FOR THE SCHOOLS WHO ARE NOW BEGINNING A NEW TERM.

EVIDENTLY A VICTORIAN MOTHER!

I AM afraid I cannot agree with the opinion of "Cambridge Undergraduate."

I consider the Eton collar smart and altogether better than the slack, loutish collar now in too common use among young boys.

I wore an Eton collar till the age of fourteen, and when I wore a soft collar once my mother whipped me for impudence.

CONVENTIONAL.

TOO LIKE MEN?

"B. H." is only too right in his strictures. The fault lies largely with the heads of preparatory and public schools.

These establishments, we are told, are full of overworking.

They could easily dictate any form of dress they pleased. The age of a great London suburban school has already done so, ordering the boys in the forthcoming term to return to linen collars instead of the soft collars allowed them during the war.

It is impossible for a boy to look clean or tidy for very long in a soft collar.

Boys are dressing more and more like pocket editions of their fathers.

No other country in the civilised world dresses its boys in such a "mannish" way. G. W.

THE BOY'S PROTEST.

"B. H." kindly points out the "inelegant and absurd" fashion of small boys wearing the soft collar instead of the Eton.

Does he think about the "comfortableness" of the soft collar? Does he think that, after thirteen years of abject slavery to the idiotic fashion of wearing Eton collars, that the majority of British boys have had the sense to wear a collar that is comfortable as well as neat? I don't know who "B. H." is, but I should imagine him as being a retired colonel from the Indian Army—a peppery person who's got about as much sense as the subject he talks about.

What the wearing of a collar has got to do with "the real childhood of the British youth becoming obsolete" perhaps he will explain in another letter.

SCHOOLBOY.

A CHANCE FOR THE SPIRITUALISTS.

COULD not Sir Arthur Conan Doyle give irrefutable proof of the genuineness of spiritualism by getting in touch with the spirit of Miss Shore?

Surely if ever a spirit were allowed to interfere in worldly affairs it would be to bring such a vile criminal to justice. M. C.

"INNOCENT" DIVORCE.

ARE we to understand that an all-seeing and all-forgiving Deity desires his words to be interpreted in the manner Mr. Arnold Pinchard adopts?

Surely the time has come when the "Church laws" were so amended that the right way would be, not to punish those who have inadvertently erred, but to help them on.

No person is infallible, and mistakes will always occur.

Why not try to make all happier instead of setting forward the plea that the "Church, like a club, has its laws, and those who transgress are requested to leave." COMMON SENSE.

GETTING MARRIED AFTER THE WAR.

AFTER seeing your cartoon in to-day's Daily Mirror I should like to put in a word for other engaged couples who, no doubt, have to endure the same kind of "wet blanket" remarks as my fiancé and I.

The majority of married people with whom we come into contact seem to take a delight in trying to discourage us.

They go to infinite trouble in order to warn us of the miseries and pitfalls awaiting us on the other side of our wedding day, although none of them, when asked point blank, will admit that marriage is a failure.

To say the least of it, it is discouraging.

Getting married now is far more difficult than ever it has been before.

ENGAGED.

"ANOTHER COLD."

OF course, "A Sufferer" cannot cure chronic catarrh the way he goes to work. Constantly using the same gargle is no earthly use. The throat soon gets used to it and ceases to react. Also "A Sufferer" leaves out the most important part of the cure—the nasal douche.

The proper way is to get a doctor to give you four, six, or even more gargles—some astringent, some laxative, some energetic, etc., and also some four or six different nasal-douching solutions.

I know a case of a man who had constant so-called "colds" and who has now been entirely free from them during the last six years by following this treatment.

The great thing is to persevere—do not stop the moment you think your cold is "cured."

WALTER WYNS.

Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 21.—The large-flowered gladioli do much to make the garden gay during August and September. As the bulbs are not hardy they are taken up late in the autumn and stored under cover during the winter.

Although not so well known, the early-flowering gladioli look very pretty during the summer and are much in request for cutting. Where the soil is of a light nature many kinds grow hardy, but in most gardens corns are planted early next month. The Bride (pure white) is one of the most popular varieties. H. F. T.

FORT-REVIVER



Guard Yourself Against
Our Changeable
Climate and Prevent

COLDS, CHILLS, INFLUENZA,

and other infectious diseases

FORT-REVIVER is recommended as a preventative by all the Medical Profession, and every bottle bears the Guarantee of Dr. C. R. Rutland—Author of DIET and the Maximum Duration of Life.

FORT-REVIVER is the finest non-alcoholic stimulant. It increases the vitality and strengthens the body to resist disease of every kind.

IMPORTANT.—Be careful when purchasing **FORT-REVIVER** that each bottle bears the guarantee of Dr. C. R. Rutland on the back label, as only these are GUARANTEED.

FORT-REVIVER is composed of the finest concentrated fruit juices combined with medical properties of the highest order, as advocated by leading practitioners. It is free from drugs and alcohol.

FORT-REVIVER can be taken by all ages of both sex.

56 Large Size Bottle.
39 Smaller Size Bottle.

Obtainable at all leading Chemists and Drug Stores



Luscious, Fresh & British.

Link up with
LIFEBUOY
for Health's Sake.



YOUTH and happiness are linked up with health. Link up with Lifebuoy for health's and for the children's sake. Lifebuoy Soap promotes health—happy, smiling health; it protects the children from the dangers of contagious diseases.

Lifebuoy Soap has a twofold use—it disinfects as it cleanses; disease germs cannot live where Lifebuoy Soap has been used. Lifebuoy Soap will safeguard the children—keep them healthy as well as clean. Insist upon them using it before school, after play, before meals.

USE **LIFEBUOY SOAP** FOR CLEANING THE HOME—WASH YOUR HANDS AND FACE WITH IT—BATHE WITH IT—SHAMPOO WITH IT.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

MORE THAN SOAP—YET COSTS NO MORE.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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Remember **LIFEBUOY SOAP** is more than soap, it is a reputable germicide and a sure disinfectant.



Worth

many times its cost

For really good, yet economical, cooking—for increasing nutrition when every ounce of food is of value—for saving meat, and yet enabling the cook to make soups, entrées, stews and gravies just as nourishing and delicious—for stimulating and sustaining when the energies flag—for increased vigour in health, and renewed strength in sickness—**OXO** is worth many times its cost.



makes your income
go farther

DON'T STAY FAT.

IF YOU ARE OVERSTOUT YOU MAY NOW REDUCE YOUR FLESH SECRETLY BY A PERFECTLY SAFE AND PLEASANT TREATMENT IN YOUR OWN HOME, WITHOUT EXERCISES, STARVATION, OR NAUSEOUS DRUGS. TO ENABLE YOU TO TEST THIS TREATMENT WITHOUT EXPENSE TO YOURSELF I WILL SEND YOU

A WEEK'S FREE TRIAL.

What a trouble it is to a man or woman to be over-burdened with flesh. How it spoils the beauty of face and figure, prevents one from enjoying ordinary pleasures and recreations, and ultimately brings about a whole train of suffering and ill-health. I know all about the distressing effect of over-stoutness, for I myself was for years burdened with many pounds of fat more than I ought to have had to carry about with me. I tried dieting, exercising, and many other so-called "systems," and although some of them produced a small temporary reduction in weight, I only grew worse after leaving them off. Some years after I had resigned myself to what I thought was my fate, I had the good fortune to meet an eminent French physician who had spent many years in the treatment of Obesity, and under his guidance I commenced to follow out his ideas of Treatment. Within the very first week I commenced to lose weight, and during the second and third weeks I lost still more, all the while experiencing a great improvement in my health and spirits, until at the end of six weeks I had got rid of no less than 38lb. of fat. My friends marvelled at the change, especially as they could plainly see that I was in perfect health, and, in fact, was stronger and more vigorous than I had ever been in my life. I could now walk twenty-five miles a day without fatigue and could join in sports and games with the strongest.

I write this account of my experience so that other people may have an opportunity of sharing with me the benefits of this grand discovery.

BOTH SEXES, ALL AGES.

No matter what is your age or sex, or how long you have been too fat, my treatment will speedily remove the cause of the trouble and abolish for ever your over-stoutness. You will literally take a new lease of life. To carry out the Inventor's wishes and make his method of treating Obesity widely known, I have undertaken to send to every stout person who writes me without delay, a good free supply of this Treatment, together with a highly interesting book on the subject. Just send me a note saying where the fat is most troublesome, and enclose 8d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing. Write your name and address very distinctly, saying whether Mrs., Miss or Mr.

Address your letter to Mrs. PATRICK C. K. HARLEY, 1 and 3, Sun-street, London, E.C.2.

Result of two months' treatment.

NERVOUSNESS

I CURE IT AND MAKE YOU A WINNER

"Get on, or get left," the Americans say, and it is true. If you don't get on NOW you will remain in the same old groove all your life. You can't get on if you are nervous, if you blush, tremble or feel shy when spoken to. People won't confide in you if you have no confidence in yourself. My System will change all that—in a week. My System cures Nervousness, Timidity, Blushing. It will enable you to realise your ambition. Never mind what you have tried nor what has failed. Write to-day for full particulars of My System, which will be sent FREE. Mention The Daily Mirror, Address, Specialist, 12, All Saints'-road, St. Annen-on-Sea.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

AMBITIOUS Aspirants for Film-Acting required immediately to train for parts, under Green-road, Finbury Park N.4 (opposite Rink Cinema).
CINEMA—Beginners write. Expert advice free.—Kings (the establ. firm), 3, Cranworth-gardens, Brighton.
COOK-GENERAL—House, three in family—22, Westmore-road, West Hampstead, N.W.2.
COOK-GENERAL, two in family, non-hamless house, household kept, large bedroom.—Write, or call after six, 19, Lyndford-road, Willesden, N.W.2.
KITCHENMAID Wanted, about 20; good wages.—1, Hyde Park-street, W.
SHORTLAND Typist, Lady.—Apply in own handwriting, S. stating speed, age, salary, experience; also Lady Clerk, knowledge of shorthand, typing an efficient secretary, office, to T. G. 251, care of Deacons, Leadenhall-st., E.C.3.
STAGE and Cinema—Beginners; no exp.—Write (add. S. env.), W. S. Pearce, 23, Gold-street, W. 14.
TWO young Maids, to do work of small house, three in family—22, Westmore-road, West Hampstead, N.W.2.
520 Profitable Sparetime Employments, "41 Money-making Schemes" (small capitalists), "500 Prices Trade Secrets", "150 Patent Medicine Formulas." Book "Worth Counts", only 1s. 6d. post paid. Hundreds Testimonials.—Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby. (Trade supplied.)

WHEELS, VEHICLES, HAND TRUCKS, ETC.
NOBODY can do without Wheels! We have stocks of 25,000 wheels, from 1in. up to 5ft. Rubber or Iron Tyres. Also Axles, Springs, Ironwork. Prices reasonable. The Wheel and Tyre Works (Est. 1860), 63, New Road, S.E.1. Close early Saturdays. Phone Hop. 3229 (Dept. 14). Hand Trucks kept in stock.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
PIANOFORTES—Before you buy a piano or player-pianos write for a copy of our practical instalment plan.—Moore and Moore, 61, Abchurch Lane, New Oxford-street, W.C.1. Famous British Piano Makers since 1835.

Make Your Hair Beautiful

WASH your hair to-night with Colleen Wet Shampoo Powder—the famous Shampoo made entirely from pure vegetable oils and plant ash. Every succeeding or third evening sprinkle a little of the Colleen Dry Shampoo into your hair, preparatory to the nightly brushing. Wash with the Wet Shampoo Powder at intervals of about two or three weeks.

In a surprisingly short time you will be delighted at the very noticeable improvement in the appearance of your hair. Used regularly, Colleen Shampoo actually helps the hair to grow, making it luxuriant, attractive and fluffy, bringing out its natural tints and giving it the gloss you so much desire.



3d. each. Per carton of 7 sachets, 11s.

Others of McClinton's principal lines for women are—Colleen Soap, 1d. per tablet; box of 3 tablets, 1/6. Colleen Toilet and Finishing Creams, 1/3 per jar each. Colleen Dental Cream, 1/3 per tube. Colleen Tooth Powder, 1/3 per tin. Colleen Talcum Powder, 1/3 per flask.

McCLINTON'S, Ltd. (Dept. B.A.), Donaghmore, Tyrone.

SHOULD THE PARENT ARRANGE MARRIAGES?

LOVE NECESSARY TO BRING HAPPINESS.

By ADA PERREN.

The question, "Should marriages be arranged for us?" is of great interest to all men and women. In this article the writer discusses an important side of the question.

THERE is a tendency in some quarters to exaggerate the effect of the large crop of war-time marriages, of which a number turned out unhappily, and the idea has grown that unhappy marriages would be avoided if older and wiser heads selected our partners for us.

To begin with, would it be wise to destroy freedom of action because of the results of the soul-stirring times through which we have passed?

Hurried war marriages will no longer be made, the spirit of feverishness has burnt itself out, and young people of both sexes are once more taking time to consider the serious step of marriage.

Taking time, that is, as far as is possible in a matter that naturally rests upon spontaneity, emotion and passion more than upon the calm thought and calculation of business-like methods.

Youthful judgment may be blinded by love and love may cool after marriage, but I am inclined to think that unless marriage contracts were entered into while sound judgment is thus in abeyance, at least half of them would not be entered into at all. And no one desires to increase the number of spinsters and bachelors.

MIDDLE-CLASS MARRIAGES.

Unsatisfactory marriages are tragedies, bringing suffering to both parties, as well as to children and often other close family connections, but human life cannot be lived without the risk of tragedy any more than it can be lived without risk of physical illness.

Risk may be reduced to a minimum, of course, and it is with that in view that some people favour the arranged marriage, where parents or guardians select the life partner for their child.

But how would it work with the masses of English people who have been born and bred with the idea of arranging their own love affairs?

Married life in the middle classes is not undiluted bliss.

Economic conditions, the struggle to pay the bills and keep up that appearance of respectability dear to the hearts of all people, and the petty irritations of living a penurious existence strain hard at the heart strings, and many a domestic circle would collapse were it not for the love the partners bear each other.

Now, arranged marriages will not alter or improve the economic conditions under which husbands and wives live, and neither will the wise parents who select brides and bridegrooms be able to supply that spirit of devotion that fortifies them against influences antagonistic to their happiness.

AGAINST FREEDOM.

Parents qualified by experience and native wisdom are able to select suitable business partners for their children, but there is a vast difference between two people trading together and two people living together.

The survey of youthful character for the last has to be more comprehensive than for the first.

And supposing two young people are matched by their parents: they may be suited to each other to all outward appearances, and things may go well enough with them until one day either one or the other meets and falls in love with someone else. Then may well follow tragedy of a worse kind than that which the arranged marriage sets out to avoid.

Sense of duty, it may be said, should prevent tragedy in that case, but in practical life does it?

Mutual attraction between men and women is something outside of parental control—why, parents themselves of all ages, experienced parents, wise parents, parents who have apparently all the qualifications of sound matchmakers appear in the Divorce Courts, struggling in the toils of that mysterious power of mutual attraction, affection or love, all that what you will.

But of all the reasons against prearranged marriages in England none, probably, is greater than its interference with the freedom of thought and action in youth and, perhaps, half the marriages arranged by parents and guardians—never take place.

GROWING OUR OWN CIGARS AND SUITS

TOBACCO AND WOOL AS BACK GARDEN CROPS.

By CLIFFORD HOSKEN.

I AM more than a little suspicious of this scheme for growing English tobacco. I've smoked it.

Not for a moment would I suggest that we can't grow tobacco here. I dare say we can; perhaps it will be splendid, but, from bitter experience of Flor de Tootings in the past, I would give it as my opinion that there is room for improvement.

I first met British-grown tobacco years ago. It was grown by a charming, but wise old gentleman in his conservatory. He grew it, I think, because he had three very pretty daughters.

They were most attractive, those girls; perhaps too attractive, their father thought. Poor man, I understand now how tired he must have grown of those callow youths who were forever hanging about his garden, wearing out his tennis lawn and drinking his tea.

So, he grew tobacco and had it made into cigars, and callow youth was invited—more than that, almost compelled—to smoke them.

This price of hospitality was perhaps not always dignified, but, oh! so efficacious. Many a youth, faced with the choice of the pretty daughters plus father's cigars or somebody else's pretty daughters and internal comfort, thought the latter combination the better.

But I read that a special type of tobacco suitable for home growing is to be evolved; so perhaps things will improve. Yet I am very fearful of my progressive gardening friends. I know what's going to happen.

They will take to growing their own cigars, they will offer you a pipeful of their last year's crop, they will give you presents of boxes of cigarettes "grown in my own garden, old man," and ask you to say frankly what you think of them.

Then, when in self-defence you do say frankly, some long-standing friendships may be broken up.

As for this other crop revival of which I read, I can understand that. There will be a huge demand for wool very soon.

For, of course, it is the way out of one of our chief difficulties; it is the answer to the ever-rising cost of clothes problem.

Turn to your history books. Read in the early pages about your many times great grandparents, those lovable old folk the ancient Britons, those conservative, home-loving people who resented that interfering young fellow, Julius Caesar, when he came uninvited to our shores.

They were clad in wool, you will read, and about this time next year we shall all be thinking of buying a bottle or two of the fashionable shade in view of the coming spring. It will make life so simple. I imagine a gallon jar will contain new suits for a year.

We of the new poor have indeed something to thank our ancestors for in this matter of wool. I bet the tailors are feeling a bit anxious about it.

In fact, I think I would rather grow wool than tobacco in my own back garden. I suppose it would be easy enough to fix up the apparatus to turn the plant into neat summer suitings, so to speak. If those merry old Britons could do it surely we can.

I suppose we shall come to this new fashion gradually, for we are still a conservative folk. We shall stick to our old clothes until they wear out. I imagine a world of blue arms and legs and shoulders emerging from the rags of old-time clothing, until at length one day, when the last stitch shall have gone, a brave man will step forth in the fashion of older days clad in wool, announcing gaily that the tailors and the weavers and the spinners and all the other people whose fault it isn't that clothes grow dearer, can go hang.

That will be a great day for England.



AN AMERICAN PEERESS.—The Countess of Sandwich, with Lady Faith Montagu (on pony), Lord Hinchingsbrooke and Lady Elizabeth Montagu in pram.

MISTAKES WE DO NOT TROUBLE TO CORRECT

ERRORS THAT MAKE FOR ROMANCE.

By R. H. BRETHERTON.

I MADE a great mistake the other day. All in good faith I stated as a fact something that I afterwards found was not a fact at all. But of the many who must have known that I was wrong only one pointed out my mistake to me.

And now I think I understand a little thing that has puzzled me often—how it is that some perfectly ridiculous mistakes go uncorrected for years.

We hear or read something that is quite contrary to our knowledge, but cannot be bothered to put it right, and so we let it go.

Often I read of my native town of Gloucester that visitors should not fail to see the ancient cross in the centre of the city.

Evidently the writer of this has in his mind some medieval monument. There is no such monument. The cross is the point where the four main streets meet and cross—it is nothing more than that, as every Gloucesterian knows.

But I have never had the energy to tackle the writer whose words imply a monument that does not exist.

I lived for many years in Clifton, and it is news to me to read that Clifton is "connected with Bristol by the famous suspension bridge."

The truth is that no more than a purely artificial and unseen boundary divides Bristol from Clifton.

In some atlases that give the heights of hills in figures, Edge Hill, in Warwickshire, is marked 1642. Edge Hill is not half that height, and the figures are really the date of the battle fought there during the Civil War.

These are little mistakes which out of my small knowledge I could correct if I would. And I have no doubt that I make countless like mistakes myself which hundreds of people could correct if they had a mind to do so.

Each of us, indeed, is constantly making mistakes which somebody else is able to correct. And very rarely does anybody correct them.

That, of course, is how tradition so often comes to be at variance with facts.

Tradition is built up on these mistakes, which are perhaps more to our liking than the facts.

We prefer the tradition of a white Christmas to the fact of a green Christmas.

A hill is not the less climbable, habitable or fertile for our believing someone who says it is twice as high as it really is.

And aren't some mistakes delightful? I remember once seeing a film in which the middle-aged hero, a Frenchman, wrote a letter to his lady love. "I have still my young," he wrote, which was true, seeing that he was a widower with two children, but the word the translator, obviously a foreigner, was after was surely "youth."

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All Wine Merchants and Grocers sell 'Wingarnis'. Small 3/- Large 5/6 Size

PEACE'S FIRST WOMAN AIR-PILOT



Mrs. Atkey, a pupil of the Avro Company, who has just qualified for her flying certificate. She is probably the only woman flyer in this country, although America has two airwomen, the Misses Stenson. Mrs. Atkey has decided to curtail her activities until the summer.

PENALTY OF POPULARITY

IN MYS



Superintendent Ernest K. Arbutnot, of the Devon Constabulary, leaving the church at Broadhampton, Devon, with his bride, Miss Gladys Mann. The happy couple had to pay for their popularity by facing a heavy shower of confetti on their departure.



Miss Margaret H. success in 'The Mystery'.



Henry John Day, heavily sentenced for the bedroom robbery of a Luton magistrate's daughter at the point of a revolver.



Mrs. Isabella Oram, of America, who piloted a schooner across the Atlantic after her husband, the captain, had died.



SUBMARINE PERIL AT HASTINGS.—Hastings. The authorities are alarmed which is on



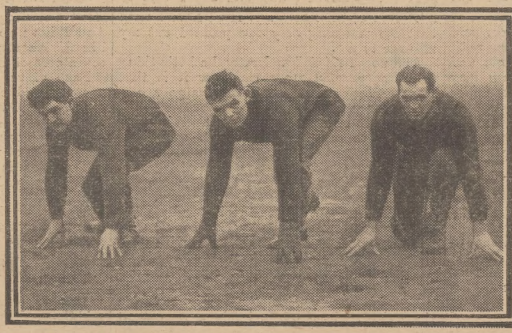
TO WED.—Elsie May, eldest daughter of R. A. Compston, R.C., whose engagement to Mr. Clifford Shields, late captain, Northumberland Fusiliers, is announced.



PRIMITIVE MODE OF FISHING.—Natives of the Punjab have an old and curious method of catching fish. Several natives line the banks and, when signs of a fish are noticed, make thrusts with their tridents.



ROYAL INVESTITURE AT CARDIFF.—Prince Arthur of Connaught inspecting a guard of honour provided by the Church Lads' Brigade on his arrival at Cardiff, where he held an Investiture yesterday.



BECKETT-SMITH CONTEST.—Joe Beckett is in strict training at Southampton for his contest with Dick Smith at the Albert Hall on January 30. The picture shows Beckett, (centre) preparing for a sprint on the common. Smith has made his headquarters at Eastbourne



FOR CHARITY.—The children of L. Lawson Tanager at a fancy-dress ball in of Harrogate's war memorial,

ERY PLAY

A CARAVAN WEDDING.

TRIUMPH OF BRITISH FILM ART.



Miss Sarah Corrigan, daughter of the well-known showman, leaving her father's caravan for the church. The bridegroom was Mr. Ben Lewis Hobson, who is also a showman. After the ceremony at York over two hundred guests attended the wedding breakfast.



A remarkable instance of perfect dual photography in the latest Hepworth play "Anna the Adventuress." Miss Alma Taylor plays two characters in this production, and to such an extent is the double impersonation carried out that the result is almost uncanny. This marvel of British art should create a considerable sensation when it is submitted to the trade and public, as in it Miss Taylor quarrels with herself and carries out two distinct rôles with absolute conviction.



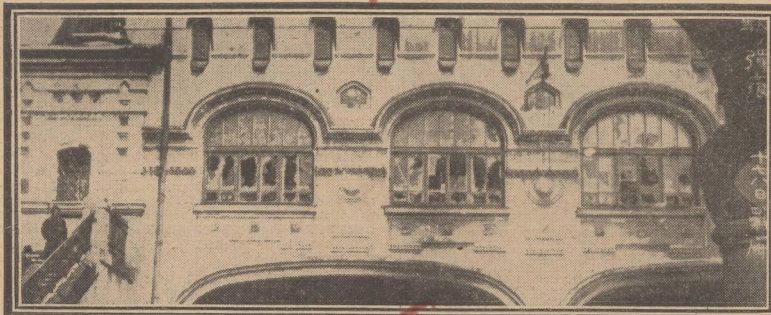
German submarine stranded on the beach after heavy seas may wash it up on the sea front, thirty yards away.



Mrs. Buxton, the victim of the terrible tragedy at Cross Keys Hotel, Chelsea, the inquest on whom is adjourned until February 3.



The Right Rev. Bernard Ward, Roman Catholic Bishop of Beaufort, who was found dead in bed yesterday morning at his residence.



A part of the battered station at Vladivostok after the unsuccessful attack by General Gaida.



"BLUEBELL IN FAIRYLAND."—Miss Joan Clarkson, who takes the name part in the revival of this fairy play. She will shortly make an important appearance in a new West-End production.



Troops in the station using railway carriages as cover



General Rosonoff (marked with a cross), in command of Vladivostok.

CZECH GENERAL'S TREACHERY.—On being relieved of his appointment as general in the Russian "White" Army, General Gaida, a Czech, recently made a treacherous attack with the aid of an armoured train upon Vladivostok. He was opposed and captured by General Rosonoff.



GILBERT AND SULLIVAN REVIVAL.—Miss Helen Gilliland and Mr. Derek Oldham in "The Sorcerer" at the Princes Theatre.

DANCING Guide.—40 latest and most popular Dances,
1s.—Alexander; 30, Grove-lane, S.E. 5.
FOX-TROT, Hesitation, Tango, Jazz: classes; private
lessons; weekly practice Dances.—Fairfax Hall, Har-
ringay, and Firs Hall, Winchmore Hill.
PIC O' DANCES, Piccadilly Hotel.—Evg. dress or uniform;
altus, 3.15; 7s. 6d., Tea; evgs., 9.15; tickets, 12s. 6d.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Mrs. "Teddy" Cairnes is going to India to join her husband, who is in the 8th Hussars.



A new portrait of Lady Byng of Vimy, wife of the famous general and a clever writer.

A KING'S EMBASSY.

Golf Clubs at a Golfer's Wedding—Is This a Record January?

I UNDERSTAND THAT THE King of Rumania is rather concerned over the state of Western European opinion concerning his country, and is to visit Paris (and possibly London) in the hope of clearing up many matters.

The Ex-Kaiser's Trial.

A friend in the Temple tells me that some of our leading barristers are very anxious to be briefed for the defence of the ex-Kaiser. A great many London solicitors also, I hear, are hoping for "instructions" from the once "All Highest."

P.M. a Good Sailor.

It was not an ideal day for crossing the Channel yesterday, but Mr. Lloyd George looked none the worse for his journey when he reached London last night. He had many stormy passages during the war, but, being an excellent sailor, experienced no ill effects.

Peace with Turkey.

It is now probable that the final negotiations concerning the Treaty of Peace with Turkey will be carried on by a Council of Allied Ambassadors. The idea seems a good one, though one is inclined to remember that an Ambassadorial body was not particularly successful in some negotiations with Abdul Hamid years ago.

Spring, Gentle Spring.

This extraordinary January gets "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice says. Yesterday as I walked through Regent's Park people were basking in the sun on the benches, and a couple of boatful of white-bloused students from Bedford College were sculling over the sparkling lake.

Diamond Wedding.

Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, who are each eighty-five years of age, will celebrate their diamond wedding at Bournemouth on the first of next month. They have been well-known figures at the piny watering-place for forty-five years. Sir Merton, who is an ex-mayor of the borough, has been active in many schemes for the development of the town as a health and pleasure resort.

Splendid Gift.

Some years ago Sir Merton and Lady Russell-Cotes, who have been great travellers, gave the town East Cliff Hall, with its valuable collection valued at £100,000 as an art gallery and museum, and Princess Beatrice last year formally opened a new art gallery built as an annex to East Cliff Hall and given to the borough by Lady Russell-Cotes.

Sample Again.

Peace has come at last! I have received my first free sample of soap since the war started. Delightful instructions—I have



Mr. Kinser Poole is another actor to take to the films.



Lady Massereene, whose historic estate, Oriel Temple, is sold.

remove them all! I like the bit about "will remove grease from carpets." This comes after the instructions for washing "dainty fabrics and delicate skins."

Hampton Court Wedding.

Not often does a wedding take place at Hampton Court Palace, but the Chapel Royal in Wolsey's historic home was the scene yesterday of the marriage of Miss Doreen Dallas and Captain Hugh Briscoe. The bride, who was given away by her father, Major-General Alester Dallas, looked very charming in pale gold brocade, with a white veil, over which was a wreath of gold leaves.

The Guests.

Among the Palace residents who were at the wedding was Mary Lady Napier of Magdala. The other guests included Lady White, Lady Phipps, Mrs. Adrien Keyes and Miss Montmorency, daughter of Lord Montmorres.

Boy Ushers.

At St. James', Piccadilly, where Miss Olive Bonham-Carter was married to Captain Leslie R. V. Prentice, Royal Artillery, the bride's two small nephews, Christopher and Richard Bonham-Carter, diligently distributed the hymn sheets to arriving guests, wearing their kilts with much dignity. The four attendant children, the girls dressed in short blue taffeta frocks and the boys in Kate Greenaway suits, included Lady Florence Norman's small daughter Mary, a cousin of the bride.

Golf Clubs to the "Fore"!!

Not many of Miss Evelyn Chubb's golfing friends knew that she was being married yesterday morning at St. George's, Campden-hill, to Mr. Latham Hall. But a select few turned



Comte Andre d'Onassis, Miss Secretary to the French Embassy, to wed Miss A. du Perron.



Miss Daisy Bertram, playing an important part in "The Merry Widow" at the Plymouth Theatre.

up, carrying golf clubs, and, as the smiling bride left for the wedding breakfast, she passed under an arch of these implements.

Championship Runner-Up.

The bride will be remembered as the runner-up for the ladies' open championship in 1913, but there was no hint of a golfing get-up in the blue charmeuse gown she donned yesterday, complete with feathered hat to match.

Montmartre in Bond-street.

A girl friend enthusiastically writes to me: "What a joy the Montmartre night at Desti's was, and why is there not permanently such a place where we can go and dance and dine and sing in chorus without starched shirts and décolleté gowns? Candles stuck in wine bottles lit the room, the tablecloths were coarse checkered linen and the dishes brown earthenware."

Countess—Apache.

"Comtesse Paulette del Baye was there, and danced the most realistic Apache dance. I noticed that her arms were all bruises when it was over. Mr. Nevinston, the artist, and Mlle. Delysia were there, and we all sang songs with zest between dances."

"H.M.S. Pinafore."

The revival of "H.M.S. Pinafore" at the Princes Theatre was one of the most successful of the season. Nearly every song was encored, and the reception given to Mr. Henry A. Lytton and Miss Bertha Lewis must have been highly gratifying to those clever artists.

The Conductor's Rival.

Lord Fisher surveyed the scene from a box. He was recognised by the audience and smilingly waved his acknowledgments. During the overture he beat time with his finger, and I noticed that he laughed boisterously at the "Queen's Nave" number.

Yale Locks.

I noticed a woman carrying the latest in handbags yesterday. It was an elaborate affair of many compartments, and was actually fastened with a Yale lock, as if it were a flat. Bad news for pickpockets!

Back Again.

I am glad to tell you that Mrs. Patrick Campbell will, at some future date, be seen again on a London stage—that of the Aldwych, to wit. The date will depend on the run of "Sacred and Profane Love," but when that is over Miss Viola Tree is going to put on Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," with Mrs. Campbell in her original part.

Not Likely!

We have advanced—or perhaps some people would say gone back—so much during the last few years that perhaps the famous adjective will not cause so much sensation as it did on the first night of "Pygmalion" at His Majesty's.

New Comedy.

When "Sacred and Profane Love" flickers out Miss Iris Hoey will move on to the St. Martin's, where she will appear, and Mr. Donald Calthrop, too, in a new light comedy by Mr. Ernest Denny. Mr. Denny's work has not been seen on the stage lately, but he will be remembered for "Marmaduke."

The Predominating Sex.

There are eight women characters and only two men in Miss Gertrude Jennings' new three-act piece, "The Young Person in Pink." This will be given at the Prince of Wales Theatre on February 10 at a special matinee in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. Lady Tree will play one of the parts. For a wonder only ordinary prices will be charged.

Football and Art.

If you want to interest Sir F. R. Benson you must be an authority on football and hockey. I remember once trying to talk to him on Shakespearean art, but in the end he interviewed me on sport. I hope I did not disappoint him.

Not for America.

I hear that Mr. Henry Ainley has been asked to take his "Julius Caesar" production, lock, stock and barrel, to the United States. However, he has "turned down" the offer.

Advanced Date.

Patient playgoers are so used to postponements that they will have a shock of agreeable surprise at learning that the new play at the Queen's, far from being delayed, will actually be produced at an earlier date than that actually announced. It has been decided that the opening night shall be January 30.



Mr. Owen Nares.

This is probably a record; but what are enterprising managements for but to create records? By the by, the title, too, will not be that originally given out.

New Title.

Mr. Hackett's piece is now called "Mr. Todd's Experiment." The company engaged to support Mr. Owen Nares—the latest portrait of whom is adjacent—includes such well-known players as Mr. Fred Kerr and Miss Meggie Albanesi.

Kindly Lights.

I looked in at the Grafton Dance Club yesterday, intending to remain a short while, but I stayed the whole evening. The floor, the kindly shaded lights, the band, which happens to be Murrays, and the restful artistic atmosphere make the Galleries one of the most charming dancing circles, and although so many people appear to share my view, there is never an unpleasant crush.

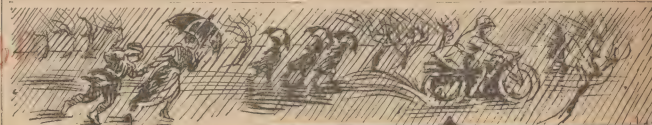
Return of the Bride.

Mr. Leon Pollock, who is part producer of the "Red Mill," tells me that Miss Beatrice Lillie will play a leading part in a new musical comedy, entitled "Sweethearts," which is by the same author and composer as the "Red Mill." It was in this latter production that Miss Lillie was engaged to play, but she changed her mind at the last minute and decided to go honeymooning in America instead.

Moving Around.

London plays seem to be having a game of general post. "The Eclipse" is moving from the Garrick to the Oxford, and "Mr. Pim Passes By" will pass from the New to the Garrick.

THE RAMBLER.



Keep Out the Cold

It's fine! A steaming hot cup of Jardox is the best preventive of winter chills. It warms, nourishes and stimulates—and the flavour's great.

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THE HIGHEST BIDDER

By RUBY M. AYRES

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

MEG ROSS, a young and pretty girl, who, from motives of duty, marries

JEFFREY STAFFORD, a strong, determined man, to whom

LAURIE ROSS, Meg's brother, is under considerable financial obligations.

ALLISON LEE, Meg's closest friend. She is in love with Stafford.

LESLIE STAFFORD.—A young man who had at one time been adopted by Jeffrey Stafford, from whom he had taken his name.

He assures her, however, that she has never cared for another man since her marriage, when Leslie Stafford, who has been concealed in another room appears. "That is a lie!" he says.

THE POISONOUS HALF-TRUTH.

I WONDERED afterwards if, had I been as guilty as appearances made me seem, I should have given a better exhibition of innocence. I dare say I might have done, but as it was I was too frightened and too agitated to attempt a defence of any sort.

I suppose in spite of all that had happened I had not really believed that Leslie was so unscrupulous, and also during the last half-hour, incredible as it may seem, I had practically forgotten that he was in my room.

I neither moved nor spoke after he first showed himself in the doorway. I just stood leaning against the table, feeling like a dead woman, not daring to raise my eyes to either of their faces.

Jeffrey did not speak a word either, and it was Leslie who seemed complete master of the situation. I thought that I heard every word he said; I thought that it would all be burned into my memory for the rest of my life, and yet afterwards I found that much of it had escaped me.

"You are surprised to see me here, sir," he began in quite a clear, controlled voice with just a shade of insolence in it.

"It is not my fault that you have not been told sooner. I love your wife, and if it had not been that she was already married to you when we first met she would have been my wife instead."

I gave a little inarticulate sound and put up my hands to my throat. I wanted to contradict what he said—to say that it was all a lie, a cruel, wicked lie; but I seemed to have lost my voice, and he went on in the same measured fashion, as if indeed he were speaking only what was tragically true:—

"Had you not come back to London sooner than either of us expected, Meg would have been in England with me. You would have returned upon everything, and to please her I allowed things to wait for a little, but only because she implored me to do so. I understood that she intended to tell you the truth and make a clean breast of our attachment. After the first day, however, I found she had not done so, and when I remonstrated with her she evaded the question, and now, unwillingly, I have grown to see the truth she has told—that you are a rich man and I am a poor one. In fact . . ."

I gave a little agonised cry and looked at Jeffrey for the first time. Was he believing what was being said? Was the truth made of marble and his eyes reminded me of a tiger's, as with a sudden lurching movement he covered the space between himself and Leslie, his fists clenched, his breath tearing through his nostrils. I thought he would knock him down, but after the first moment his big body seemed to relax a little and he fell back a step.

"You damned scoundrel!" he said, and I should never have recognised his voice, it was so torn, so savage.

Leslie was nearly as white as Jeffrey, but he kept his defiant front, and even smiled slightly as he answered:—

"Ask Meg if you don't believe me. Ask her to explain what I am doing here to-night . . ." His smile widened insolently. "It is not the first time I have been to this flat," he added.

I believe then that they would have been murder done. Had I not recovered my strength with the sudden wave of blood that beat into my face at his cowardly words. I rushed between the two men. I clung to Jeffrey's arms with all my feeble strength, so that he could not throw me aside without hurting me, and he would not do that I knew, even in the midst of his passionate rage. "Listen to me, Jeffrey. And I parted . . ."

My words must have reached him, for he stood suddenly still, and his wild eyes came slowly down to the level of my face.

"Listen to you," he said. "Listen to you. . . I've listened to you too much already. . . And then I thought he would have flung me away from him, but that his manner changed suddenly.

He caught me by my arms with such fingers of steel that I bore the marks of them for weeks afterwards, and yet I think that he tried to speak gently to me. "Where did you meet him? How long have you known him?" And then, as he could feel how I trembled, he added: "I'm not going to hurt you, God knows! Just answer, unless you want to drive me mad."

I tried my hardest, but I felt as if I were falling to pieces.

"It's not true—any of it. If you'll let me tell you only one thing . . ."

"I'm asking you to tell me by answering my questions. How long have you known him?"

(Continuation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

And then as in my agonised mind I sought for the best words I could, Leslie Stafford broke in quietly:—

"She left you on her wedding day and spent the night down at Herne Bay in my rooms."

It was as if the end of the world had come with these words. I felt Jeffrey's hands slowly loosen their hold of me, and when they at last fell to his sides, I fell, too, and crouched on the floor at his feet, my face hidden.

And the minutes ticked away, and each one seemed like a year, till I felt him stoop over me again, and with a rough hand beneath my chin, force me to look up at him.

"Is this true?" The words sounded as if they were torn from his lips, and I tried to make mine say "No—no," but no sound would pass them, and he said again, "Is this true? . . . Answer me—or, by heaven . . ."

"It's perfectly true," Leslie Stafford said coolly. "The woman who looks after my rooms will tell you if you care to ask her. Mrs. Stafford stayed the night in my rooms, and I brought her to London the following morning, when she went back to you." There was not one venor of emotion in his voice as he deliberately blamed my life and, after a moment, he added in the same even way:—

"Miss Lee—Allison Lee saw us together at Victoria in the morning. If you care to ask her there is no doubt that she will tell you it is the truth."

Jeffrey took his hand from my shoulders. He stood for a moment staring down at me as if he had never seen me before, or as if my face, which he had once thought pretty, had turned suddenly to revolting ugliness. Then, he drew a long, hard breath and moved towards the door.

I think he had forgotten Leslie, or perhaps, after the moment when he made that savage lurch at him, he had never given him a thought, but his steps sounded like those of an old man as he crossed the room, and, though in my soul I knew I was beaten, that nothing I could say would alter anything now, I dragged myself after him along the floor and caught at his hand as he reached the door.

"You'll be sorry—all your life—if you leave me now," I said, but my voice was such a faint whisper. I do not know if he heard me, and he jerked his hand free as if I were a poisonous thing that had clutched at him, opened the door, and was gone.

I made no resistance when Leslie Stafford came to me and, stooping, lifted me up and put me into a chair. I knew that he chafed my hands and made me drink something, but I only knew it in a vaguely impersonal way, and it was not until he began to speak in a broken, impassioned voice that the cold blood moved again in my veins.

"You're mine now—you belong to me," he said. "Oh, I know you will think that you hate me, but I will be only for a little while. I did it because I loved you, Meg, and because I know you will be happy with me. I never realised how impossible life was without you until I traced you talking to Jeffrey as if you loved him, and I knew then that I could never give you up—never let you go. Money isn't everything, Meg . . . oh, my darling . . ."

He tried to put his arms round me, but I felt as if I should stifle if he touched me, and I thrust him away with a little choking cry—and before he could stop me I had dashed past him and out of the room, crying that Mary had done me wrong.

She came running from the kitchen, her face filled with alarm, and I stood still, laughing stupidly when I saw her.

"Oh, ma'am—oh, ma'am . . . what is it?" she asked.

I tried to answer her, and I had taken a little faltering step towards her; then the merciful darkness rose up like a great wave and carried me down with it.

A DISTURBING RUMOUR.

I LAY in my room for two days in the darkness, not speaking or moving and seeing only Mary.

I wished I could die, but it is not so easy! I wished I could be dangerously ill, and for a little while forget everything that had happened; but even that was denied to me. I just lay there, physically too weak to care what happened, though my brain had never been so clear and strong. I thought and thought till I nearly went mad. I went over and over again a dozen times every detail of that last dreadful night, and the sum total of it all was; strange as it may seem, only a great and unyielding bitterness towards Jeffrey.

He had not given me a chance to explain. He had just accepted things as they had seemed to him, and not as they really were.

Though I suppose I hated Leslie Stafford, he did not seem to count a great deal in my thoughts. He was more like some unclean reptile that had crossed the path of my life than a man who had done me a deadly injury. The one great thing that mattered was Jeffrey's want of faith in me.

If he had only given me the chance to explain, and he had only listened to me! Was this his boasted sense of justice?

In my desperation I had told Mary the whole miserable story, and though it was the last thing I wanted or expected, all her sympathy seemed to be with my husband.

She brought every argument to bear that was possible in his favour, and though she was kindness and gentleness itself to me, I could see that she was more intensely sorry for him. I took note of the difference in our ages—the handicap with which he had started our married life, knowing I had cared for another man. She reasoned with me as gently as a mother could have done, and at last even went

so far as to beg me to write and ask him to see me again.

I started up in bed crimson-cheeked when she suggested that.

"I would rather die!" I said, sobbing.

"I never want to see him again. He never cared for me or he would not have taken that man's word against mine."

I forgot how black everything must have appeared against me; forgot that in my own despair I had but deepened every suspicion.

"If he had cared at all he would have come back without waiting for me to ask him," I said, bitterly. "I will never ask him—never!"

They were two terrible days. We heard nothing even from Leslie Stafford—not even from my brother.

I wondered if he was still too happy to think of me. Or if the scales of disillusionment had fallen from his eyes, too, as they had from mine. At any rate, Isabel Farrow was better than the man I had married, for with all her commonness and painted face she was loyal.

I wished I could do something reckless. I wished I could cut off one of my arms, an impassable barrier between Jeffrey and myself; a barrier which could never again be broken down.

"I shall leave this flat and go abroad, Mary," I told her that evening. I was sitting up, by the fire, with my hair about my shoulders, wrapped in a blue dressing-gown.

"You will come with me, won't you? I shan't be as rich as I am now, but we shall be able to manage. I've still got . . . What's the money? And then, at the thought of Anthony, the hopeless tears came.

All my trouble had begun with his love for me and his death; and I cried out passionately that I would give everything now. I dragged myself if only I could go back to the days before that dreadful Christmas, and be once more the light-hearted girl I had been then.

Mary came and knelt down beside me and put her arms round my neck. She said: "I had grown more like friends than mistress and maid in those days—she was the only friend I had, at any rate."

"There's better times coming, my dear—better times," she said, almost in tears herself. "It's hard, I know it's hard, and it almost breaks my heart to think of you as you were the night of that ball—so pretty and happy, and now . . ."

I pushed her away and tried to control myself; I had the dreadful feeling that if I went on crying I should never stop any more.

"It's no use talking about what's gone," I said, every word caught by a sobbing breath. "I want to forget it—forget it as soon as possible. . . We'll go away, but as for you and I . . . as soon as ever it can be arranged."

I went on making wild plans, more for something to divert my thoughts than because I had any real belief in them. We would go to Italy, to the lakes and see the lakes and the mountains. We would never have a settled home any more, but just wander about as we liked, with nobody to care what became of us and what we did.

And then I almost broke down again. Nobody to care for us! That was the most awful part of it all. And I was so young still, and I might go on living yet for twenty, thirty, or perhaps even forty years.

Things will all come right before then," Mary said, striving to comfort me. "Things will all come right. The luck's bound to turn some day."

"Not for me," I said hardly. "I've had all the good luck that is to come to me."

"Where are you going?" For she had turned to the door.

"I thought the bell rang," she said.

I jumped up and caught her arm before she could leave the room.

"I can't see anyone—you understand—not anyone! Say I'm ill; say I'm dead; say what you like—but keep them out!"

Her kind eyes met mine with a troubled gaze.

"Oh, ma'am—even if it's . . ."

She hesitated to speak Jeffrey's name, but I understood and caught her up swiftly.

"He won't come! I'm not such a fool as to think he will."

But for the hundredth part of a second my heart seemed to stop beating as she had gone, as I heard the opening of the front door.

Supposing it was he? Supposing he had come! There was a man's voice speaking. . . I bit my lip till the blood came. I could hardly breathe. Then the door opened, and it was Laurie.

He looked angry and perplexed.

"What's the matter, Meg? Why won't you see me? Good heavens, have you been ill?"

His eyes searched my face in distress.

"You've never troubled to come and see, anyway. I said harshly.

I went back to my chair by the fire. I was trembling from head to foot with the strain of the one moment during which I had thought perhaps it might have been Jeffrey. . .

"Mary tried to keep me out," my brother went on angrily. "Such absurdity! It makes me wonder if they're telling some dirty story. The rumours I've been hearing, after all, in spite of what you told me the other day."

I looked up apathetically. "What rumours?" I asked.

His eyes fell and the colour mounted to his face, though he tried to laugh, as he said:—

"There's been some yarn going round about you and Jeffrey, that's all. I know it's all rot, of course, but all the same . . ."

"What is the yarn?" I asked, and my hands clutched the arms of the chair to steady myself.

"Please tell me what it is."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if you must know—they say—that Jeffrey Stafford's going to sue for divorce."

Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow.



Meg Ross.



The most economical of all Toilet Creams—and the finest

Test it FREE

If Icilma Cream cost ten times as much it couldn't be better in quality or purity, or do more good to the skin and complexion. Our immense business is the sole reason we are able to sell the world's finest toilet cream at the modest price of 1/3 per pot.

Not only does it do most good but it lasts longer than the imitations and thus costs least. A 1/3 pot will last a whole month—even if used daily for the arms, hands, neck and face.

A further point—Icilma Cream is creamy, foamy, fragrant with the unique, Icilma perfume, and non-greasy. It alone contains the skin- tonic water from the famous Icilma Natural Spring which stimulates the skin to natural Beauty—the Beauty that lasts.

Icilma

Cream

(Icilma is pronounced Eye-Silma.)

Price 1/3 per pot. Everywhere. Flesh-tinted Cream, 1/9 per pot.

FREE TEST.

Send a postcard for a dainty free sample and a copy of our booklet, "The Icilma Way to Beauty." International Icilma Trading Co., Ltd. (Dept. 13), 37, 39, 41, 43, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

Use it daily and look your best

For Home Workers

SECRETS FOR THE SEWING ROOM.



Bands of skunk adorn this pretty three-quarter length costume coat of sage blue chevyn. Two sage blue wings cross themselves attractively on her small round-shaped hat of black panne.

makes a delightful little dressing gown for the small nursery inmate. Cut the garment from the good portions, and work button-hole edging round collar, cuffs and hem in some pretty shade of bright-hued silk. A silken girdle to match makes a delightful finish.

THAT old fur collar which made cosy the neck part of your winter wrap coat need not be discarded. Cut in strips, and relined, it will make a tasteful trimming for the coat of your small daughter. A narrow band will make a warm collar, while strips to match will effectively finish hem and cuffs. If there is still some fur left over—with a piece of coloured velvet, it will become a fascinating little muff.

STRINGS OF BEADS can be used up in many ways. Looped round the top of the crown they will give a new lease of life to a slightly shabby velvet toque, and as a trimming for the home-made vanity bag, they are indispensable. Odd beads crocheted on the edge of small circular pieces of net make dainty protections against dust for the top of the milk jug.

TISSUE PAPER is excellent for polishing glass. Wash the tumbler well and rub with a clean glass towel. The finishing touches with a piece of tissue paper will be most effective.

A BANANA SKIN rubbed over brown shoes and boots will remove ugly stains and marks. Then polish in the ordinary way.

A SHABBY BLANKET makes a delightful little dressing gown for the small nursery inmate. Cut the garment from the good portions, and work button-hole edging round collar, cuffs and hem in some pretty shade of bright-hued silk. A silken girdle to match makes a delightful finish.



Black osprey is the effective trimming used for this hat of black hatters' plush with its prettily upturned brim, and a strand of osprey hangs jauntily over its wearer's ear.



A pale blue ostrich feather mount adorns this small mandarin toque of black panne.



CHRISTOPHER'S LETTER.

(You all remember my "darling" nephew Christopher, who stayed with us at Christmas. He has written to me from school and asked me to "print" the following letter to "the kids."—UNCLE DICK.)

The Tuck Shop.

DEAR KIDS,—

I expect you will be delighted to have a letter from me. I am back at skool I am in form 2 our new master is a very ratty chap with a big mustash and a pimply face he heard me call him old Bill and was in an awful wax and gave me a thousand lines I shall start on them with six pence tied together when I have finished this letter. I am eating a current bun while I am writing so excuse blots.

I hope you all enjoyed your Xmas holidays. I went to a lot of parties some of them were very soppy speshally one where there were sixteen girls and six boys and all the girls voted for kissing games like Postman's Knock and come and sit on my chair. It was awful and one girl with glasses and ginger hair took a fancy to me and said I owed her 2,000 kisses. I asked her what she took me for and without waiting for the jelly and custard I went home in a fitful rage.

Hullo, there's my pal Fatty so must stop. He's quite mad. So long kids.

CHRISTOPHER.

GRAND FILM "SWEET NELLIE" INTRODUCING—PIP AND SQUEAK.



No. 15.—A Scare for Nobo.

NORO was greatly amused to see "Massa Ralph" careering about on the back of the baby elephant, but when the boys tried to persuade him to have a ride he shook his head vigorously.

"No like elephants," he said with a grin. The lively creature was quite near at the moment, and, as though understanding what was said, he stretched out his long trunk and, before the guide knew what was happening, he found himself seized in a merciless grip.

The boys rushed to his assistance, but they were too late. Nobo was whirled through the air, and then, when every moment they expected him to be dashed violently to the ground, he was gently lowered again by the playful creature.

Hardly realising that he was still alive, the guide leapt to his feet and made off as fast as he could go. At the same time the elephant gave a loud "trumpet" and set off towards the huge forest trees.

The boys started in pursuit, but soon had to give up the chase in despair.

As they were returning to their tent they heard a loud crashing sound in front of them. "Whatever's that?" asked Jack. "I hope it's nothing fierce. We've left our guns behind, you know."

(To-morrow: Nearly Trampled to Death.)

FREE PANTOMIME SEATS.

For the best letters written to my pets, Pip and Squeak, I am offering over 300 free pantomime seats for making performances at various theatres on different dates early next month.

Children, not more than fifteen years of age, who live in Glasgow, Belfast, Leeds, Bradford, Newcastle or Liverpool, should lose no time in sending their letters, which must be addressed to Pip and Squeak (Pantomime), The Daily Mirror, 20, Boulevard-street, London, E.C.4. Closing date, January 26.



My pets have always been anxious to appear on "the pictures." You see how they managed it—by accident. The film actors were very cross.

A Wonderful Free Offer!



3 World Famous Pictures

Beautifully Reproduced in Photogravure.

BOYS! Here's Value for You!

You must make SURE of getting all three of these splendid plates—they are the finest you've ever seen and well worth framing. The one shown here you get FREE with "Young Britain" TO-DAY, another will be given next week, and the week after you will get the third. They are grand photographic reproductions of the following world-famous pictures:—

"The Chariot Race,"

by Professor Wagner.

"The Body of Harold brought before William the Conqueror,"

by Ford Maddox Brown.

"Prince Arthur and Hubert,"

by William F. Yeames, R.A.



Photo—L.N.A.

or £50 in cash

This is the first prize in a Simple Competition with hundreds of prizes. The second prize is £25 in cash. Full particulars are given in "Young Britain" TO-DAY.

In addition to these charming plates, "Young Britain" gives you the finest stories and most attractive features to be found anywhere. Look at the long list of good things in this week's issue.

Grand humorous section with CHARLIE CHAPLIN in the most amusing comedy you have ever seen—Articles on Stamp Collecting, Sport, Hobbies, etc.—Grand Prize Competition, superb two-colour cover, and many other big attractions.

Thrilling tales of school and adventure, including the following

5 Grand New Stories

"SPARTACUS, KING OF THE GLADIATORS," by Richard Kees—"A TRUE BLUE," by Newton Bunge—"WAIF OF THE WOODLANDS," by Vera Lee—"JUST BOYS AND GIRLS," by Jack Fordwick—"BOLD ROBIN HOOD," by Frank Godwin.

Get YOUR copy of "Young Britain" TO-DAY, and ask your newsagent to save a copy for you EVERY week, then you will be SURE of getting all three plates.

Buy a Copy TO-DAY

YOUNG BRITAIN

2

"WE WANT KILTS."

Pathetic Appeal by Working Man's Wife with 5 Children.

"NOT A DRESS LEFT."

Since advertising the sale of several thousands of kilts the Board for the Disposal of Surplus Army Stores has been inundated with letters.

The majority of replies are from the wives of working men, who require only one or two kilts, and some of the letters have quite a pathetic touch about them. One woman from Waltham Abbey wrote:

"Do you think, kind sir, that you would be able to sell me one kilt if they are not too dear, as I am only a working man's wife, and he gives me £2 a week, and out of that I have to pay 7s. 6d. rent, 5s. coal, 6s. 6d. for bread and 2s. insurance.

"I have three girls and two boys to keep, and three of them have not a second dress to stand up in."

The kilts are not being sold singly, but in parcels of twelve at £1 per kilt.

Converted Kilts.—"I want wives of other M.P.s. to join with me," writes M. J. Kellaway, wife of Mr. George Kellaway, M.P., to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, "and form a club, so that we can purchase quantities of the 'kilts' and make them into dressing-gowns, travelling rugs and shawls.

"The cloth of the London Scottish is khaki, and when dyed there is no limit to the garments we can make."

"TRADE FOR THE TRADERS"

Big Commercial Combination to Fight Government Control of Industry.

"To fight Government trading, nationalisation and bureaucratic control of industry," a combination of trades has been formed under the title of the Amalgamated Trades Association, with offices at the London Chamber of Commerce, Cannon-street.

"We are only the secretary, Mr. B. G. Arthur, to *The Daily Mirror*, "to defend private enterprise and to convince the country, if we can, that the Government, in the hands of the radicals, should leave trade to the traders. The private trader in this country was threatened with extinction.

"The association represents already a varied and aggressive group of traders who are determined not to be snuffed out by Socialist experiments and to prevent the enslavement of British enterprise."

"EDUCATION OF CUPID."

Search for Millionaire to Buy Correggio Painting—Woman's £1,500 Verdict.

The story of bonds, setting out the conditions of the proposed sale of a picture, "The Education of Cupid," by Correggio, was told before Mr. Justice Bailhache yesterday, when Mrs. Marian Menzies, of "Helsensia," Lancaster-road, St. Albans, was awarded £1,500 and costs against Jesse William Landon, High-street, Watford, the discoverer of the picture.

Mr. McNaghten, K.C., for the plaintiff, said the conditions of the bonds were that if defendant sold the picture in the first year, he would out of the purchase price pay the plaintiff £300. If he sold it in the second year he would pay plaintiff £500 on each of the five bonds.

Counsel then read the terms of the first bond, which stated that Mr. Landon had written and illustrated a book in proof of the authenticity of the painting, and intended to send copies of it to the millionaire art collectors of the world, to whom he was desirous of selling the picture.

The bond, said counsel, also stated that Mr. Landon agreed to sell the picture for the highest price within two years, and to discharge out of the sum realised his obligations under the bond.

Mr. McNaghten added that he was sorry to say the efforts to find a suitable millionaire were unsuccessful, and the picture had not been sold within the two years.

BARKING FOR BARTS.

A Puppy "Does His Bit" and Earns 14 Guineas for Famous Hospital.

When at Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's Hanover-street premises yesterday Mr. George Robey auctioned sixty-five lots in sixty minutes and realised £700 for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a Sealhym puppy barked a good deal when being brought forward, and his barking was to some purpose, because he realised fourteen guineas in about as many seconds.

A feather fan, presented for sale by the Queen, fetched thirty-three guineas.

KENT DOCTORS' THREAT TO RESIGN

The new regulations of the Ministry of Health for panel practice are meeting with considerable opposition from doctors in Kent, who have declared their intention of resigning all connection with the scheme as a protest against what they term the "forcible allotment of patients."

FLYING OFFICER FOUND SHOT.

A flying officer named Gerald Mark Carter has been found dead from a revolver shot at North Stoneham Aerodrome.

SUITS GIVEN AWAY

AMAZING OFFER OF MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS, TROUSERS, BREECHES, AND KNICKERS!

Would you like a Man's or Boy's Suit, Trousers, Knickers or Breeches absolutely free of charge?

A sensational but perfectly honest offer is being made by one of the best-known clothing houses in London.

Of Gent's and Boys' clothing that will not tear; in fact, is Hole-proof, and is actually guaranteed to withstand the hardest of hard grinding wear-and-tear, every week-day and Sundays too, for at least six months at a price pounds less than the ordinary shoddy wear-out-in-a-week suits at high prices!



This man discovered the cloth and personally guarantees the goods.

GARMENTS REPLACED FREE.

This remarkable cloth, although absolutely Holeproof and quite untearable, is exactly the same in appearance as the finest tweeds and serges. It cannot be torn by a barbed-wire fence, and, no matter what your size, if you young boys can wear the smallest hole, no matter how hard you wear the garments every day in the week (not just Sundays), another garment will be given free.

The firm will send a written guarantee in every parcel stating, in plain English, that the garment will be replaced free if a hole appears in six months.

AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES!

The prices are truly astounding in these days of high prices. Men's complete Suits cost only 38s. 9d. Men's well-made Trousers 12s. 11d. or Breeches 20s. 11d. Boys' Suits are supplied from 18s. 5d. and Knickers from 6s. 11d. Look at these prices, readers, and at the same time remember that each garment is guaranteed for six months' grinding wear and tear!

SAMPLES FREE TO READERS.

Send just a postcard to the Holeproof Clothing Company (Dept. D.M.), 58, Theobald's-road, London, W.C.1, for free samples, style book and full instructions how to measure yourself easily and correctly at home. These are all absolutely free and sent postage paid.

A WARNING!—If calling look for largest clothing premises in Theobald's-road. Don't enter small shops in error.

WAITING—

We have on our books at the present time 113 Merchant Seamen of all Ratings,

721 Widows and 750 Dependent Children

WAITING TO BE RELIEVED.

We are handicapped by lack of funds, and when you consider that many of these cases are caused by the war we confidently look forward to your help in this work of pressing need.

WILL YOU SEND A DONATION?

THOS. SCOTT, Secretary.

British Merchant Seamen and their Dependent's Fund.

Tower Building, LIVERPOOL.

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NOTHING IS THE SAME, NOR HAS THE SAME REFRESHING SMELL & ANTISEPTIC VALUE.

For FLOORS, FURNITURE, LINOLEUM, &c.

Of all Grocers, Stores, Ironmongers.

A LITTLE RONUK GOES A LONG WAY AND WILL POLISH AND RE-POLISH BY SIMPLY USING A BRUSH OR A CLOTH, OR BETTER STILL, A RONUK HOME POLISHER.

Write for Leaflet to—RONUK Ltd., Portland, Brighton, Sussex.

Incessant Backache Rapid and Complete Cure.

Do you wake in the morning feeling heavy and tired, stiff in the joints, and with a bad taste in your mouth? Have you tired, dragging, sharp pains in the limbs or back? Do you feel dull and irritable? You need proper treatment, for your kidney trouble; the kidneys are not functioning properly, and the poisonous uric acid which should pass out through them is retained in the blood. De Witt's Pills have already proved themselves absolutely successful in thousands of cases, and testimonials are pouring in from all over the world.

Mrs. Wykes, of 23, Victoria-street, Nuneaton, said in 1913: "For over eleven years I suffered with terrible kidney trouble, and most acute backache pains. At various times through this long period of suffering I have been in very bad condition, pains striking me across the back and loins. This was torturing and every day became a trouble. It was just as if a vice had got hold of me and was screwing me up. I tried many remedies, first one and then another recommended me to different things, but nothing seemed to touch my

case. During the early part of 1913 I heard of De Witt's Pills, and determined to give them a trial. I am thankful I did, because I seemed to gain relief after the very first dose. I got another 2s. 9d. box from Mr. Baker's shop in Abbey-street, and felt much better. I got brighter and more active, and, in fact, felt a different woman. I intended to make a good cure of my case, seeing that I was getting so much relief, and I am pleased to say that I have done so, because for the last twelve months I have been absolutely clear of my old complaint, and have not had the slightest trace of any kind of backache.

Nearly six years afterwards—April, 1919—Mrs. Wykes said: "De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills did me permanent good; there is not the slightest doubt about that. I always recommend them with a strong feeling of gratitude for what they have done for me."

With this splendid testimony in mind, can you continue to suffer without giving De Witt's Pills a trial? For rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sciatica, stone and Bright's disease they are absolutely unrivalled. Buy direct, fail to give relief. Within twenty-four hours they will prove to you that they have passed right through the kidneys and commenced their work.

When you buy the pills be sure they are De Witt's in the white boxes, printed in blue and gold. Give them a fair trial, and prove for yourself what relief they bring. You can get a box from Boots' and all first-class Chemists and Drug Stores for 2s. 9d., or from 15s. 6d. Dispensaries these wonderful little pills for 6s. Or if you would like to try them first, without risking a penny, all you have to do is to send your application to the Makers, E. C. De Witt and Co., Limited, 366 B, 44-45, Rathbone-place, London, W.1, stating your Chemist's name and address fully, and what you suffer from, when a generous sample will be sent you by return post, in plain wrapper.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

ANY Condition.—Wanted, Ladies', Gent's cast-off Clothes. A suite, continuous, buckram, iron, brass, or small brass.

ARTIFICIAL Teeth (old) bought.—Messrs. Browning, dentists, manufacturers, 23, Oxford-st., London, W.1, the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices; call or postcard, and full value per return, or offer made; established 100 years.

OLD False Teeth (Old Bought).—Messrs. Paget pay more than any other; on immediate up to 7s. each tooth, silver 12s., gold 15s., platinum 22s., according to material; call or postcard; immediate cash or offer; mention "Daily Mirror."—Messrs. Paget, 219, Oxford-st., London. Sold 183 years.

CONDITION no object.—Wanted, Teeth, Old Jewellery, Plate, Gold, Silver; cheques same day; parcels.—Stanley Pearce, 133, Gray's Inn-road, Holborn, London.

JUST a minute, please.—I buy False Teeth. Have you teeth, any condition, because I need them for re-manufacture; satisfaction guaranteed or teeth returned promptly, post free, or just send me your address and will send you free a stamped addressed box for packing teeth in. E. Lewis, 29, London, E.C.50, Southern, Lancashire, E.

OLD False Teeth, Jewellery, etc.—Highest possible value given or offered by return. If not accepted goods returned immediately, post free. Platinum Scrap £18 10s. each.—Rayburn and Co., 105, Market-st., Manchester.

DIANO Wanted, state price; immediate cash.—J. Spencer, 4, Myrcelands, Bath.

DIANO Wanted, suit girls' club room; cash.—Mrs. M. P. Shenley, Acre-lane, B.W.2. Tel. Brixton 1459.

DIANO Wanted, uniform iron frame, or small frame.—Captain S. 18, Crofton Park, S.E.4.

Wanted, suit Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); at most value or offer.—Stanley and Co., 53, Oxford-st., W.1.

EDUCATIONAL.

ACCOUNTANCY, Secretarial, Business Training.—As a postgraduate course, free, is open to all qualified students of the Metropolitan College—the variety of secretarial and Accountancy training, the variety of courses (practical training and exam. coaching) taken at home in spare time, under the most highly-qualified staff in the Kingdom, comprising many Final Honourmen. Chartered Accountants and Barristers-at-Law. Fees are most moderate, and may be paid by instalments.—Write for (postcard will suffice) for list of recent appointments vacant, particulars of scholarships, bursaries, etc.—Students' Guide, Metropolitan College, Dept. 29, St. Albans.

FOYER's—Buy your educational Books from Foyers, 10, G. Foye, Ltd., 121-123, Charing Cross-road, London, W.C.2. Buy over 1,000,000 volumes in stock; strictly classified; catalogues free; books bought.

DRESS.

START Your Trousses—French convent, hand-made S' lingerie, in sets or single garments; layettes, camp-couture, etc., from 3s. 3d.; send 3 stamps for catalogue.—Caroline, Ltd., 24, New Bond-st., London, W.1.

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

A CHESTERFIELD Settee and 2 Large Club Divan Lounge Easy Chairs, complete, 25 guineas; 2 upholstered and equal to new; 9 sets of these and 120 other liquidation; specification as follows: Adjustable Chesterfield Settee, 5ft. 6in. long, exquisitely sprung and covered dark green or maroon velvet; 2 full-size lounge Easy Chairs to match; photo on application; send 3 to 7, where now lying for sale.—The Furniture and Picture Depot, Ltd., 22, Abchurch-lane, London, E.C.4.

A.I.—1 doz. sample 3s. 6d. buying direct save 30 p.c.; catalogue free.—J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Sheffield.

BABY Cars from factory, on approval—large stock; no shop profits; lowest prices for cash; see easy payments. Write for illustrated catalogue, post free, and save money.—Godiva Carriage Co. (Dept. 55), Coventry.

CHINA Bargains—Household and private orders are our speciality; lovely Tea sets from 10s. 6d. Dish sets 3s. 6d., Toilet sets 11s. 9d.; mixed crates and cheap sets for shops, restaurants, hotels, clubs, and for churches, schools, cantines; outfits 50 persons, 57s. 9d.; home outfits, 47s. 6d.; special Unbreakable quality for kitchens use, institutions, etc.; established 1895; 50,000 customers satisfied; full value guaranteed; complete catalogue, 100 designs, illustrated in colour; free; send p.o. to—Century Pottery Co., Dept. 520, Burnley, Stan.

FOR Sale.—Heavy blue oval Axminster Carpet, 26ft. 6in. by 19ft. 6in.; half pre-war cost; deep rose colour; self-coloured border; border; suit club or cinema.—Sidney Bates, J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Sheffield.

SELECTION of beautiful Oriental and other Handbags from £1 to £25; sent on approval—Send postcard to—J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Sheffield.

STAINLESS Knives.—Absolutely Stainless and Rustproof; S' appearance of Silver; knives; cleaning machine; bottles; therefore cut 20 ordinary steel knives; small dinner knives, 20s.; large, 22s.; half-dozen, quality guaranteed; sample 3s. 6d.; catalogue free.—J. D. Dixon, 142, Oakbrook-road, Sheffield.

THEEMAN'S Handy Knife-Cleaning Machine, is, 9d., post free; money refunded in full if not satisfied.—Theeman, 32, Regent-street, W.

YOUR Boots will cost less if bought direct from where made; ladies' walking shoes 12s., gent's boots 22s. 6d.; send for our illustrated catalogue.—L. F. Footwear Company, Dept. D.M., Dalkeith-place, Kettering, Northampton.

FINANCIAL.

LOANS by Post Secretly without your friends knowing: £5 at 2s. monthly, £10 at 4s. monthly, £50 at 20s. monthly; enclose stamp.—F. Jessa, 8, Minerva-st., Partick, N.B.

£25 at 25s. monthly Advanced on simple promise to repay, at 1 s. make no charge unless I lend money; I invite you to inquire for terms.—M. Cohen (Actual Lender), 17, Southampton-st., High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Phone Museum 3192.

READY money by post or visit at small cost and without S' security; £10 advances available now.—D. and H. Phillips, 69, Regent-st., London, W.1.

Daily Mirror

Thursday, January 23, 1920.

THE PILGRIM PRINCE.



The Prince of Wales, who was the guest of the Pilgrims at the Savoy Hotel last night, is seen standing between Lord Desborough and Rear-Admiral Knapp. He was able to greet the distinguished gathering as an American Pilgrim.



LIGHTNING HOLD-UP.—Another post office raid has been carried out, this time at Liverpool, three armed men securing £150 in Treasury notes and escaping before an alarm could be given.



THANKS PUSSYFOOT!—The motor-boat Pedro-Christopherson, of Stockholm, arrives at Swansea with 572,000 gallons of wine which had to be cleared from America by December 31. This big drink is contained in 11,000 barrels, each holding fifty-two gallons.

LADY DE FRECE VISITS MILL.



Husband and wife are shown round a mill.



—And talk to the operatives before leaving.

Sir Walter and Lady de Frece are canvassing together at Ashton-under-Lyne, where Sir Walter is standing as Co. Unionist candidate. They have just visited a cotton mill.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

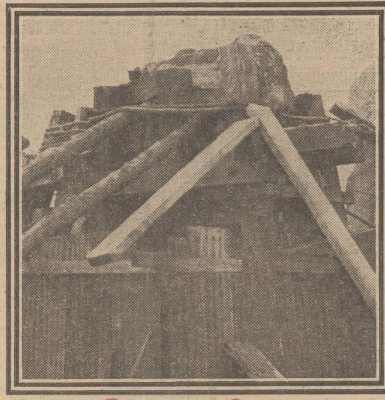
AMERICAN BRIDE.



The new wife of Mr. Robert Goelet, the American millionaire. Formerly the Princess Riabouchinsky and widow of a wealthy Russian resident of Paris, she has now arrived in America.



The crane used for moving the giant stones. The famous sacrificial stone is seen in the foreground.



When moving the huge stones into position every precaution is taken to prevent damage and, as shown in the picture, they are protected by baulks of timber.



Another view of the structure, the stone in the foreground weighing many tons, waits to be set up.

RECONSTRUCTION OF STONEHENGE.—H.M. Office of Works is busy with the reconstruction of Stonehenge, which was presented to the nation in 1918 by Mr. Chubb, of Salisbury.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)